

Maclean's

CANADA'S WEEKLY

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Maclean's
CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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From The Editor

An affair of the heart

At first, it was only a muffled sound. But then, the invited guests inside Westminster Abbey attending the funeral of Diana, Princess of Wales, heard the tumultuous applause rolling up to the Great West Door from the streets of London. The people were speaking from their hearts.

They were cheering the soft-spoken voice of Earl Spencer, Diana's brother, who had just completed an emotional eulogy of his elder sister with a pointed lecture to the press and a rarely used rebuke of the failed House of Windsor. And then the tailored lords and collared ladies of the establishment did a most extraordinary thing. They also started to clap their hands, right there in front of the Archbishop of Canterbury and their monarch—in church—on the hallowed place where kings and queens are crowned, for a man who had just told them that the old ways had to change. The old order, it seemed, was giving way.

Charles Spencer's vow to protect his two nephews, William and Harry, from the prying press, surely will strike a positive chord with the people everywhere—and hopefully with the paparazzi and those who hire them. It is true that Diana fed the appetite for her story and pictures. Is what would be her last interview, she told the French daily *Le Monde* on Aug. 27, "more pertinently in the public eye, gives me a special responsibility, notably that of using the impact of photographs to get a message across, a message about an important cause or certain values." But her tragic death will result in more restraint by people who are paid to produce images of celebrities.



Diana in July, a popular standard

It is unclear whether Spencer will have any success with his other project—a commitment to confuse Diana's attempt to raise two sons in the world as he put it, "so that their souls are not simply unpeopled by duty and tradition, but can sing freely as you please." The answer to that question lies within the gates of the castle, not out on the streets.

Last week, it was the people in the streets who were leading, and the Queen and her court who followed. In response to the popular will, there was an extraordinary series of reversals and changes in play. It was almost as if the people sensed that the royalists were trying, once again, to turn their back on their monarch. The people would have none of it. And the Queen and her family responded bravely. They returned from their mourning period in Scotland a day early so that Elizabeth II could address her subjects and show her grief. The number of condolence books was increased tenfold at St. James's Palace, the route of the funeral procession lengthened—and—and more applause in the streets—a Union Jack was lowered to half-mast over the Queen's residence.

In her life, Diana became an insider to the Royal Family, stripped of her title. In her death, she inspired a legacy of hope and goodwill and set a new, populist standard for the conduct of the monarchy. Her death, relations between the Crown and the people will have to be an affair with much more honor than ever before.

Robert Lewis

Newsroom Notes:



A dozen times over the past 16 years, Maclean's cover subject has been Diana, Princess of Wales. We have chronicled her life from her engagement and marriage to Prince Charles (above, from bottom left), through the joy of motherhood and her emergence as the "people's princess." In the anguish of divorce and the tragedy of Paris. For this commemorative issue, our 12th Diana cover, Senior Writer Joe Challey covered her funeral while Andrew Phillips explored the interesting appeal of "England's Rose."

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The Mail



Diana's coffin leaving French hospital soul-searching

A lonely star'

The shock of the Princess Diana's death is felt around the world, but not so fully by Canadians since she was Canada's princess just as Elizabeth II is Canada's Queen ("Diana," Cover Story, D. 10). We can be proud of her accomplishments, most recently her efforts in promoting a ban on land mines. But the most important aspect of Canada's monarchy remains the stability that the institution provides to Canada's parliamentary system. In this era of threat of political instability, Canada's head of state is hopefully not beholden to any party cadre or backsliders, and is assisted by 300 years of Canadian history at a time when our national identity is being tested. Your unfortunate earlier editorial calling for an end to Canada's monarchy ignored these realities and proposed that Canadians are now indifferent to the royal ("Canada's lost relevance," Aug. 22). Paradigmically the cover story that week ("Diana," D. 10) was Diana's wife with David AlFoyed, discussing that Newsworld editorial staff, at least, do not share these views, since they presumably feature stories they feel are off-target to Canadians.

Steve Boisjoly
St. David's, Ont.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

should be addressed to:
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Diana's brother, Earl Charles Spencer, was very bitter in his condemnation of the media—utterly deservedly so. There is "blood on the hands" of every proprietor and every editor who paid exorbitant sums for photographs. That is not to say that there is blood on the hands of every person who rushed out to buy copies of the publications? It was general that played a major role in Diana's tragic death. If the public felt that the media was too invasive—if they had supported her cries for help—they could have stopped buying the tabloids. But that didn't happen, did it? Now, they are too willing to condemn the press. The simple truth is that we all played a part in what happened.

Robert H. Thompson
Port Hope, Ont.

I watched a full 12 hours of coverage on several television networks, before anyone actually had to, in my opinion, assume the resting place of responsibility: the public's unwillingness to read the news. A tragedy has occurred. A tragedy that may have been avoided. While we are all shocked by this loss, let us learn from this experience. Rather than calling for the heads of the supplier, let's do some soul-searching. If we examine our selves, perhaps we may realize that what we ought to be doing is at the demand.

John Saks
Preston, Ont.

The truth is that Diana was murdered by the press.

Bob Galloway
Massapequa, N.Y.

I looked up in the sky last night and I spotted a lonely, bright flickering star above some low-lying fog in the harbor. It reminded me of my encounter with a human star who almost shone my hand at Expo '86 in Vancouver. Her grace, her smile and her star quality. May she rest in peace.

Anastasia de Ritis
Victoria, B.C.

As we reel in shock at the untimely death of Diana, it will be easy to blame the so-called paparazzi for contributing to the accident that cost her life. These photographers would be much less persistent if they were not paid so much for their work. The media and our

Corporate payoff

So, Ethyl Corp. of Richmond, Va., is seeking compensation from the Canadian government for a partial ban on a suspected dangerous gasoline additive ("Paying the polluters," Environment, Sept. 17). What next? Will American small-arm manufacturers sue the government for lost sales due to the gun-control legislation? Will the biggy-wiggy racists and blackshirts of the United States sue Canada for banning human experimentation? God save Canada when the totally unashamed, indebted, unenriched Multilateral Agreement on Investment comes into play. Then we can forget initiatives like the GST or universal standards for health care or special status for Quebec. The multinationals must be served.

Alan A. Ross
Calgary

sisters who read such trash all bear some responsibility for her death. Sic nigrum to become an effective international web-site for good causes in spite of the excoriating pressures of the trash media and countless people all over the globe will be less well off without her.

Mark Wagner
Baltimore, Md.

Smearing Bouchard

Congratulations to Dr. Vivian Rakoff for finally exposing Quebec Premier Lucien Bouchard for what he is: a harridan ("The Beau chief," "Cover Story," D. 11). I am a friend and an Anglo but I can only shake my head in amazement at this pathetic attempt to smear Bouchard. I don't believe for a moment that this so-called report, commissioned by a Liberal MP and passed on to the Prime Minister's Office, is anything but just a胎死腹中 campaign. I wish that Canada had a politician half as gossamer as Bouchard is to speak up for us.

Eileen Wall
Ridgway, Alta.

Now that Dr. Vivian Rakoff has pegged Lucien Bouchard, why not Dr. Pierre-Mathieu Jean Chretien? What implications would Rakoff assign to Chretien's shrillenting of a protester in front of thousands of witnesses, then announcing "I took him out?" (A possible Quebec complex?) What is the significance of Chretien's propensity for spotting with烹任ary people? (A breath of fresh bencher's reassurance?) How does Rakoff feel about Chretien's claims not to have read the

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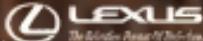
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Healthy Bites

Kidney Stones? Milk Products to the RESCUE

Car Accidents and the CELL-PHONE Connection!

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- ✓ avoiding unnecessary calls
- ✓ keeping calls brief, and,
- ✓ interrupting conversations when necessary



In fact, for safety's sake, why not pull out of traffic altogether when talking on the phone? Give your driving and your conversation the attention they need.

Fewer Calories, Higher Risks!

Even though calcium is vital to growing bones, studies show that its intake among many teenagers especially girls, is declining to the point of insufficiency. Canada's Food Guide to Healthy Eating recommends three to four servings of milk products per day for 10 to 16-year-olds. Parents really need to monitor their kids' eating habits during this important period of growth.



THE MAIL

is, at best, a completely useless emotional drama, and, at worst, when expressed publicly in this manner, counterproductive. Despite his unfeeling charisma and significant lead earning qualities, if Bourassa were to disappear from the scene, the problem of Quebec's failure to reconcile itself to its constitutional changes the rest of us underpaid in 1982 would remain.

Stanley H. Albert
Toronto

Camp on poverty

It was refreshing to read the column by Dalton Camp ("A proposal for the printers that will," Guest Column, Sept. 11). He has outlined one of the major injustices in our federal country and challenged our political leaders to exercise the power that they have to deal with homelessness. Since all parties in the House of Commons have agreed to eliminate child poverty in Canada by the year 2000, I hope that the members of Parliament will act upon the modest proposal made by Camp.

After Baker
Toronto E

So the nationally famous Dalton Camp has come down from the ivory tower to minister to the lowly poor. He is dismayed by Finance Minister Paul Martin's fiscal fighting and compares this to the last campment of unemployed youth. What poppycock! Camp spent his career luring the Conservative Party of Canada back to the left, leaving with Liberal voters with a kind of Liberal late-in-life alternative. Camp was part of the second spend machine that characterized Canadian policies before Jean Chrétien was reelected into office spending by the Reform party. Sorry, Dalton, you were part of the fiasco, not the cure. We are paying big time for your socialist policies. Perhaps it won't seem so high in Canada. Businesses would have invested money in industries that would employ those youngsters you care so dearly about.

Dennis Taylor
Calgary B

Closet Liberal

I got a chuckle out of John Crosier's masthead. "I would go back to being a Liberal again before I would have anything to do with the Reform party." ("Reform party task crackpot," op-ed, Aug. 29) It was the true conservatives who left the Conservative party for the Reform party and left the Tories with only two MPs. Was the Conservative party under Brian Mulroney any different than the Liberal party? No sir.

All agree.

Alfrey
Kemptville, Ont.

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Backstage



Anthony Wilson-Smith

Ambivalence over celebrities

Six years ago, an Ottawa journalist was awarded by a mutual friend to have dinner at a downtown restaurant with Serge Savard, the Hockey Hall of Fame defenceman who was then managing director of the Montreal Canadiens. Savard, with his avuncular looks, imposing stature and palpable sense of presence, was immediately recognized by other patrons, to the point where conversation briefly ceased when he walked in. But he was disturbed only once, as he finished his coffee and prepared to leave: a well-known federal cabinet minister, who had been eating alone and equally unobserved at a nearby table, came over to ask for Savard's autograph "for my kids." The night then ended quietly and amicably with dinner mate, a devoted fan, remembering every detail.

For the relative handful of Canadians like Savard, whose faces and names are well known to pallbearers that night was, logically, fairly typical. Amidst the international focus surrounding the role of the paparazzi in the death of Diana, Princess of Wales, Canadians, like it or not, are innocent bystanders. Most politicians are all but unknown here, the closest equivalent—and a pale, boring one at that—is the swarm of reporters and camera crews that encircle politicians on Parliament Hill. Self-promoted (but lonely), but only when they are suffering loss and angst, people either from Canada. The only reason anyone attempts to produce a biography, raise speculation, gossip sheet (faded when the publication, called *Publikey's*, failed after a 12-week trial in 1994). A successful exception is the selfless, howeverly, *Fraud* magazine. But its biopic-cutting publication is aimed at a specific target market of journalists, politicians and other members of the chattering class. They need it while publicly declaring they do not believe anything in it—and privately repeating its gossip to friends.

During casual encounters with the rich and famous, most Canadians would rather look them *lame*. That is the case whether the celebrities in question are loved, or loathed. Consider some recent prime examples: Harry Trudell would sometimes walk in Parks mart from 24 Sussex Drive, Brian Mulroney, now back in private life, occasionally visits Bercy Dick in Montreal, unannounced, for a smoke and a chat; John Chretien occasionally drops into bars and sandwich joints unannounced, last May, the day after the French-language election debate, a person who walked into a popular downtown Montreal restaurant of late, was unannounced to find Chretien sitting unobtrusively, in full view of other patrons, at a simple table, down with some salmon. Andrew Desjarlais

The willingness of famous people to live their lives in down-earth fashion is appreciated, yet tolerated by other Cana-

dians. The most popular politicians routinely emphasize their hard-hat backgrounds or habits. Chretien is the most obvious example, but smart members of his cabinet have picked up their own tricks. Finance Minister Paul Martin and Health Minister Alain Black always travel economy class on short-haul flights because of the frugal image it projects. In opposition, the Reform party has successfully used grassroots policies to an art form. The ordinary people message travels just as well in provincial circles. Consider such long-standing political success stories as New Brunswick's Frank McKenna, Alberta's Ralph Klein and Manitoba's Gary Filmon, all play Everyone masterfully.

For the most part, Canadians can be proud of their indifference to fame. It is no coincidence that all professionals—athletes, hockey players—who are still mostly Canadians—remain the most likable and least arrogant. Similarly, many of the country's biggest entertainers, such as the rock groups Rush and Blue Rodeo, and comedians such as Dan Aykroyd, Mike Myers, and Michael J. Fox, always appear self-effacing in their private lives.

But the casual approach to celebrity declines when the person in question is from another country. Then, there is our insatiable demand: "Do you like us?" The first question golfer Tiger Woods received in Montreal last week was what he thought of the city. The Toronto star, with the crest of the city's annual film festival, will spend the next week repeating every word smirking across any spot about the place. Try to imagine journalists in New York City, Paris or London feeling the need to do the same. Frenchophone Quebecers were outraged by the remarks that American radio shock jock Howard Stern made about them last week; they ignored the fact that his broadcasting show managers daily, and *boldly*, let inethrate members of every race, gender and ethnic group in North America. English-Canadians will just as unashamedly day when he makes—if he can be bothered to do so—equally divisive remarks about them.

Perhaps it is appropriate, then, that Canadians reserved their greatest outpouring of grief in modern history for someone who was not one of the *real* stars. It is near impossible to think of any one Canadian who could come up with or her counterpart in a similar display of affection. There is, in fact, only one candidate in recent years who generates respect and affection from all walks of life. That would be another slight, bland figure, mid-life in age, who gains international status with a rare combination of down-to-earth grace, goodwill, and an unimpeachable, but invisible charm. Live long and prosper, Wayne Gretzky—a country so schmaltzy that celebrities will not produce another they can know and love as well for very long time.

Opening Notes

Edited by BARBARA HODGES

A small-town weekly hooks a big one

Former president George Bush has spent much of his retirement fishing, and has often been spotted in remote regions of Canada. In August, Arthur Milnes, editor of the *Deli Cha Dives*, a weekly newspaper with a circulation of 1,200 in Fort Simpson, N.W.T., 600 km west of Yellowknife, heard that Bush had been fishing for arctic char in the Tree River. A self-confessed political junkie, Milnes decided it's time to Bush, asking him to write a guest column on his favorite sport. To his surprise, a low-key local bush guide by the name of Paulie Zahn had written an article on how to avoid falling on slippery rocks while fishing. "Felt honored," wrote Bush in the Sept. 4 column. "Before all are the fish hunting boats with little diamond hard spikes." When Milnes called to thank



Bush fishing in Labrador with GBS corespondent Paulie Zahn. Top: bottom boats help

Bush, he came on the line and asked Milnes to have the *Mond* file work. "I was breaking out," says Milnes who did not pay Bush but, in thanks, sent him a hat cap and a giant fishing lure—and invited him to go see fishing this winter. But the Houston-based former president declined. "I can't wait in the winter," Bush told Milnes. "I'm allergic to the cold."

All on the same team

For nearly 50 weeks a year, the Canadian Sports Hall of Fame is more than just another tourist attraction. The hall, which houses exhibits ranging from 19th-century rower Ned Hanlan to contemporary hockey great Wayne Gretzky, is located in the middle of Toronto's Canadian National Exhibition grounds. So, not surprisingly, it's the only time it attracts large crowds is during the last 15 days of August, when the exhibition is on. As a result, the hall's board of directors has been searching about for nearly three years to find a new home. Their idea of a chance encounter? The impending formation

Government Conference Centre in Ottawa, just 200 m from Parliament Hill, as a prime spot beside the Rideau Canal. The proposal calls for state-of-the-art, interactive displays at the former railway station, which has been the scene of numerous constitutional negotiations. But the wheels of bureaucracy grind slowly, and hopes are now pinned on the outcome of a meeting last week with Prime Minister Jean Chrétien. "We are nowhere near a decision," says Senator Trevor Agius, chairman of the hall's board of directors. "But the PM obviously liked the idea of a national institution being in the capital." At least then, everyone in the centre would be on the same Canadian team.

Rolling in his topographic grave

For a really, really good oven view of Bell's Colossum, there used to be two choices: hitching a ride on the space shuttle, or going to the B.C. Pavilion at the Pacific National Exhibition each summer to pore over the 80-centimetre-wide Bell Map. The 23-by-25-in. 3D representation, built by bell lessor George Challenger and unveiled at the British Empire Games in Vancouver in 1954, shows every valley, river, mountain, lake and glacier in the province in remarkable detail. More than 40,000 people still visit it each year during the 17 days of the PNE. But now, forced off its city-owned, once-Vancouver hideaway by the exorbitant lease, the PNE is moving. Demolition begins later this month at the buildings, including the B.C. Pavilion. That, in turn, has the city, which already owns the east-topographic landmark, scrambling to find a faster home.

Not just anywhere will do. In

addition to considerations of security and protection from the elements for its 900,000 pieces of physical, there's a further complication: Challenger's ex-wife. Upon her death in 1994, at his request, his ashes were placed in an arca and installed just beneath the map's legend. "Our first priority is to find a permanent home for both the map and the urn," says Vancouver Parks Board director Peti Rodgers. But if that fails, the map—and Challenger—may have to go into storage, much to the chagrin of his grandchildren. "We don't know if they move here," says granddaughter Joanne Challenger. "But it's a decoration for his cemetery to handle him up and put him in storage indefinitely." To prevent that, Challenger, a lawyer, has hired the B.C. Supreme Court for an injunction to hold off the wreckers until the map, and urn, can find a suitable home.

Teacher's perfect pet

Calgary's Ryan Cassidy is among the Canadian high school graduates in the world—and he has the marks to prove it. He is one of 14 students worldwide, and one of only two in North America, to record perfect results in the May, 1997, international baccalaureate exams. Grade 11 and 12 students in the exam program, offered by about 800 high schools, write standardized tests. Cassidy scored 45 out of 45 in math, physics, chemistry, French, English and European history. "Thinking I had done pretty well," says Cassidy, "but I didn't know how high I would reach." High enough to be accepted to seven top-flight universities. Cassidy opted to study engineering at his home town's University of Calgary, which awarded him a four-year \$61,000 scholarship. He also takes guitar lessons in his spare time. "It's a good way to calm down when I'm not studying."



The shock jock will trash radio spreads

Le maudit Stern

Sixty-something Howard Stern needed a host to drive attention to his radio show, which aired in Canada for the first time last week on Montreal's CFOM-FM and Q-MF in Toronto. So Stern, who estimates an audience of 50 million people in the United States, called French-Canadian "soirée host" and "comedy goddess," Camille Desjardins de Montréal in a frantic phone call. "The foundation transposes," Canadian broadcasters are watching to see if officials at the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission, which polices the airwaves, can tame the shock jock. If they do not, some fear that his talk show will sweep across the dial in Canada. Last week, the CRTC reported more than 300 complaints and advertisers were pulling their messages off Stern's stations. "The CRTC has to do something," said Rob Braude of CHOM competitor Mix 96. "If they don't, the message they are sending is, 'They get hosts who talk about vaginas and penises.' If Stern can do it, why can't we?"

BEST-SELLERS

- 1. *The Underdog* (Jesse Quinones) (\$8)
- 2. *Simple Party* (Caren Shrader)
- 3. *How to Win Friends and Influence People* (Dale Carnegie) (\$12)
- 4. *Business Ethics* (Patricia Cornwell) (\$16)
- 5. *With Intent* (Eduardo Frei) (\$12)
- 6. *Call on Your Angels* (Janeane MacDonald) (\$12)
- 7. *Woman with a Hat* (Zigland Cook) (\$12)
- 8. *The Magician's Nephew* (C. S. Lewis) (\$12)
- 9. *Driving Miss Daisy* (Fannie Flagg) (\$12)
- 10. *The God of Small Things* (Arundhati Roy) (\$12)

HONFICTION

- 1. *Angela's Ashes* (Frank McCourt) (\$12)
- 2. *The Man Who Would Be King* (Robert Louis Stevenson) (\$12)
- 3. *The American Lawyer* (Louise Erdrich) (\$12)
- 4. *The First Book* (Joseph Conrad and Andrew Hille) (\$12)
- 5. *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* (Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn) (\$12)
- 6. *Death of a Salesman* (Arthur Miller) (\$12)
- 7. *The Life of Pi* (Yann Martel) (In stores Aug. 16)
- 8. *Prairie Schooner* (Natalie Zemon Mouratoff) (\$12)
- 9. *The Perfect Score* (Stephen Jayne) (\$12)
- 10. *True Blood: Inside the Life of the Vampire Diaries* (Adrienne Shelly) (\$12)

12 fiction, 12 nonfiction. Compiled by Roger Stradling

Passages



DIED: Alastair Friesen, 74, who won clunk of the House of Commons from 1963 to 1979, in Ottawa after long cancer surgery. After producing line briefly in *France Fugit*, B.C., he embarked on a career in the public service in 1952. Friesen, who commuted TV's arrival in the House of Commons in 1977, was an expert on parliamentary rules and procedures. He was also known as one of Ottawa's most popular hosts and institutions.

Female evolution

- 1. **CHANTALIE** *Chantalie celebrates its 20th anniversary by defying the odds by having a baby in a Toronto hospital after a long triage*. Until recently she was with cystic fibrosis merely lived beyond age 20. But Chantalie had her first child Christopher, when she was 30, and a second son, Cory, four years later. In 1989, a namesake for 14 years, was the first cystic fibrosis patient elected to the board of the National Cystic Fibrosis Foundation.

POP MOVIES

The murder of a poet



Ador Andy Garcia has a title role in *The Disappearance of George Stein*, a film based on the real-life Spanish poet who was murdered by assassins of the anti-frank of the Spanish Civil War in 1936. Eric Roberts plays Ricardo Zamora, a young Puerto Rican journalist who goes to Granada in 1954 to try to find Luis's killer—a dangerous operation in Franco's Spain.

To answer or ignore, according to one office manager, the days were over on Sept. 4. In October, numbers of submissions showed:

1. <i>I. Love You</i> (2000-?)	\$1,120,000
2. <i>Reservoir Dogs</i> (1992)	\$700,000
3. <i>An Officer and a Gentleman</i> (1982)	\$620,000
4. <i>Witness</i> (1985)	\$550,000
5. <i>Assassination Tapes</i> (1989-?)	\$320,000
6. <i>Day Care</i> (1995)	\$260,000
7. <i>With the Devil</i> (1993-?)	\$200,000
8. <i>True Lies</i> (1990)	\$200,000
9. <i>Death Wish</i> (1974-?)	\$200,000
10. <i>Death Wish IV</i> (1987-?)	\$200,000

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RETIRING: Outspoken columnist Doug Collins, 77, who is embroiled in a B.C. Human Rights Commission hearing into a 1994 peace pact he wrote clarifying the movie Schindler's List was Jewish Holocaust propagandist from the *New York Show News*, a free-distribution Vancouver weekly. In his comic last week, Collins complained the hearing to the Inquisition, but denied that the confounding frost has Sept. 17 retirement.

DIED: Sir George Solti, 84, the internationally renowned conductor, whose more than 250 recordings sold to 31 Grammys, more than any by any other musician, pop or classical; in Antibes, France, while on holiday.

TERROR IN THE PRAIRIE NIGHT

BY DALE EISLER

The scene, there ears back from the next locomotives, was an odd mixture of terror and tranquility. Amid the twisted wreckage of Via Rail's transcontinental train. The Canadian just west of Biggar, Sask., the silence that followed the sickening sound of crushing metal was broken only by the sobs of disoriented and injured passengers. As car 203 lay crumpled to side in a wheat field next to the CN main line track, a driver, Philip Mills, called out in the darkness in his native sans, his wife and two sons. Filled with relief when each responded, Mills, 41, tried to console three teenage Japanese girls who were close by. Then, as the women passed and passengers awaited rescue, Mills' wife, Marie, began singing a song. The only words she could think of were from the blessing her family said before each meal. Gradually, as she softly sang the line "God our Father, hear our prayer" to the tune of *Frère Jacques*, other passengers joined in, singing a psalm for help to be freed from the iron wreck in the dark of a starless Prairie night.

It took less than 11 minutes for their prayer to be answered. Assisted by a swelling emergency crew at the local fire hall in Biggar, 30 km away, fire department volunteers rushed to the scene. But for Mills, 41, and his family from Plymouth, England, what was to be a four-week holiday of a lifetime had turned into a nightmare they will never forget. At 1:50 a.m., as the 16-car train sped eastward at 105 km/h along a straight stretch of track, Mills was jolted from a deep sleep when he felt the train rapidly lose speed. "The only thing I can compare it to is a roller-coaster when it comes to a quick stop at the end of the ride and you're thrown forward," he said from his hospital bed in Biggar, as he regurgitated from a concoction of salt and water to his秘书.

There came a series of loud bangs. The next thing Mills knew, he was crushed in the overhead luggage rack, across the aisle and above where his mother-in-law, who suffered a fractured skull, was trapped beneath a crumpled seat. The other members of Mills' family escaped with bruises and whiplash in what was the worst passenger train wreck in Canada since 21 died when a freight train collided head-on with a Via train near Hunter, Alta., in February, 1960. Miraculously, of the 189 passengers and 26 crew aboard, The Canadian last week, only one person died—a 50-year-old woman from Brooklyn, N.Y.—and all of the other 60 injured, four of them seriously, are expected to recover.

Within hours of the crash, officials with the National Transportation Board determined that the derailment was caused by a broken rail on the second locomotive. A final judgment will take days of laboratory analysis to determine if overheat, fatigue, a misaligned flange in the rail or some other structural

reason caused the equipment failure. But it did not take long for other allegations of blame to emerge. With four Via engineers suspended to what the company called normal practice in light of the ongoing investigation, reports surfaced that painted a troubling picture of line safety procedures. At week's end, a Via spokesman acknowledged that, two hours after the train left Vancouver, a worn device called a heat-sensing detection system indicated that an axle bearing on one of the locomotives was overheating—but crew members subsequently discounted the device after consulting with the Vancouver maintenance centre. Via also admitted that in Jasper Alta., the train underwent a visual inspection, but was allowed to continue on its way.

In the wake of the accident, many railway workers causticized that recent setbacks to Via, aimed at streamlining the flow of rail traffic at the government-owned passenger rail company, have compromised safety. Over the past five years, Via has lost almost \$4.6 billion—of which is covered in annual subsidies from the federal government. Three losses have occurred in spite of the company's massive downsizing. Since 1990, Via has reduced its service from 818 trains per week to 389, including the cancellation of its southern transcontinental route. In the West, the Canadian Pacific line it currently maintains only a scaled-down, three-times-a-week transcontinental passenger service on the CN tracks linking Vancouver, Edmonton, Saskatoon and Winnipeg. It has also cut its workforce to 7,000 from 7,800. "There have been constant cuts to jobs for years," says Dennis Wiss, regional vice-president of the Canadian Auto Workers union, which represents employees at Via's maintenance centre in Winnipeg. "Sooner or later, it's going to have an impact on maintenance and safety."

From a peak of nearly 70 maintenance employees six years ago, Wiss says the Winnipeg workforce has been cut to 10 full-time positions, with another five people to be laid off in October. Last May, Via closed as Toronto maintenance complex, which once employed 780 workers, as part of a consolidation of its major maintenance sites in Montreal and Vancouver. But Via officials strenuously deny that cutbacks have in any way jeopardized safety in the beleaguered company. Via spokesman Michael Andrews says that passenger safety has been the principal guiding the company's restructuring. "It has been top-of-mind throughout this process," Andrews maintains. "In fact, we believe that safety has been improved."

The company argues that the need for maintenance has been reduced by Via's conversion to a fleet of 250-refurbished stainless-steel cars that have been in service since 2003. Unlike the old ones that got onboard power from overhead steam generators, the new cars draw power directly from the locomotives. That, the company says



A deadly Via
accident raises
questions
over safety

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CANADA

has eliminated the recurring problems of passenger cars that often lacked enough heat in the winter and were too hot in the summer. "We had a monitoring system built for their old fleet, which was constantly in need of repair," says Arness. "That is no longer the case." But Bob Bourne, the CGOV's rail safety representative, notes that when the Toronto facility was closed, this maintenance records showed that 22 of 53 locomotives and 38 of 144 passenger cars were out of service for regular three-month inspection. "I can tell you the situation hasn't gotten any better," says Bourne.

After surveying the accident site last week, transportation board chairman René Bourque told Maclean's there is no reason to believe Via's will have compromised safety. "We have among the best and safest transportation systems in the world," Bourque says. "If we felt that a lack of human resources was causing a problem for safety we would certainly comment, but at this point there is nothing to suggest that is the case in this incident." Still, the Ontario Ministry of Transportation spokesman doesn't rule out a public inquiry to determine if the accident could have been prevented. When the train left Vancouver Monday evening, Via officials say it went through a standard battery of inspections that included the locomotive axle, bearings and mechanism known as "hinges" with which the axles are attached to the locomotive. An inspection sheet, however, of anything all the inspections had been done properly. And from inspections such time a train leaves Vancouver or Toronto, each train undergoes a more rigorous visual safety review after 90 days or 64,000 km.

Often considered among the safest modes of transportation, passenger and freight trains have not been immune from major accidents. Since 1983, 43 people have died in train accidents in Canada, but just one year ago 186 derailments were recorded. Prior to last week's accident, the most recent fatalities involving a Via train were in February, 1999, when four passengers died after a truck collided into the side of a passenger car at a level crossing 40 km west of Montreal. And in the United States, fatalities on the Amtrak passenger rail system are not uncommon. The most deadly occurred in Alabama in 1991, when a passenger train crossing a bridge at night went off the rails and plunged into a swamp, killing 47.

But in spite of those statistics and their own experience, many passengers battered by the Big One this week said they fully expect to travel by rail again. Even from his hospital bed, McIff was talking about making another family visit to Canada. "We were having a wonderful time," he said. "It's such a prestigious thing to travel across Canada by train." But, he added, "I hope next time will be different."

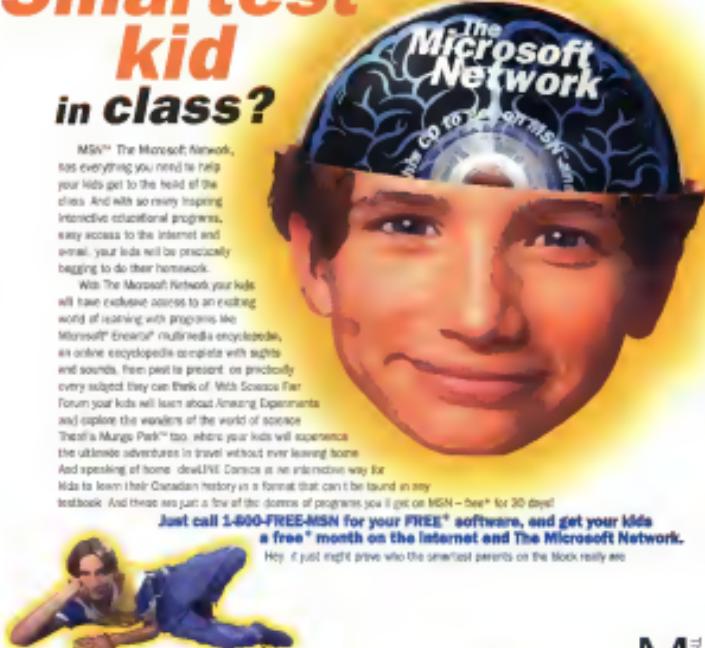
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Back to the drawing board

Newfoundlanders vote decisively to end religious schooling

BY BRIAN BERGMAN

It was a classic dump-and-run that some wags dubbed "the premier version of the Pope." When he announced just six weeks ago that his government would hold a referendum on whether to scrap Newfoundland's 277-year-old denominational school system, Premier Torng Toews, a practicing Roman Catholic, boldly took on the leadership of his own church. It was high time, he argued, to give parents—not the clergy—ultimate responsibility for public education. In response, Catholic priests across the province warned the faithful that Toews' government was doing nothing less than kicking God out of the classroom—and welcome me the secular and the profane. Last week, it was the premier who prevailed when 72 per cent of voters upgraded their desire to replace all church run schools with a single, government-run education system.Flush with victory, the premier exuded Christian charity while making it clear that the case for debate was over: "I think we have a responsibility to reach out to those who had a different view," Toews told Maclean's. "In the new vision we're embracing, nobody is excluded; everyone is included."

But however decisive Toews' victory was, everyone agreed with his assessment of the trade. Among the dissenters was Alce Farlone, vice-chairman of the Catholic Education Association in St. John's. In the words of Farlone, the majority of Newfoundlanders have "voted to strip away and erode our rights." She adds that she cannot understand why Catholics, who account for 37 per cent of the province's population, as well as other religious minorities, will not continue to allow their own schools where numbers warrant. That is something currently guaranteed to Newfoundlanders by the Canadian Comis-



St. Patrick's Hall Roman Catholic School in St. John's: an epochal shift in the educational system

tee, which must be amended before the province can implement the changes. "If this were done to another minority in Canada, there would be outrage," said Farlone. You imagine if every Canadian could decide that Quebec should not have French as its first language?

There is little doubt that, if Parliament approves a constitutional amendment,

Torng will have sparked an epochal shift in his province's education system. In other provinces, Protestant officials eventually became public and non-denominational, albeit existing alongside publicly funded Catholic schools in Alberta, Saskatchewan, Ontario and Quebec. But secular schools never gained a foothold in Newfoundland. When the province joined Confederation in 1949, Newfoundland's schools were controlled by seven denominations: Catholic, Anglican,

United, Methodist, Presbyterian, Salvation Army and Seventh-day Adventist. Under the Terms of Union, each was granted constitutional protection to run schools, a right extended to Pentecostals in 1987. Last week's vote paves the way for eliminating those guarantees, and setting up a provincially run system as early as September, 1998.

It is not the first time Newfoundlanders have voted on the issue. In 1995, Toews' predecessor, Clyde Wells, held his own referendum on a much milder proposal to reduce—but not eliminate—church control over education. After a narrow 54 to 46 per cent victory for the Yes side, the Newfoundland legislature called on Ottawa to amend the Constitution accordingly. Although the amendment easily passed a free vote in the House of Commons, 35 Liberal MPs voted against it. A majority of senators also balked,

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feel we
should come
here."**

LETTER TO THE EDITOR **Guysborough County, N.S.**

Pipe dreams

Like many other residents of Guysborough County—a remote, sparsely populated and impoverished region in eastern Nova Scotia—Cecil Gaspé has often found that survival means living here. After a manlike fish disappeared, the burly 44-year-old Gaspé has turned to New Brunswick, located in the east maine of northern Nova Scotia and served with the Canadian Coast Guard. "We moved down there, usually for weeks," he says. "And every winter, I just, I come back here." In 1993, Gaspé purchased a \$10,000 house on a lonely stretch of road along the Atlantic Ocean, near the spot where his father once worked as a lighthouse keeper there. He then put a living running a small fish farm and doing odd jobs. But these days, Gaspé has had to make do with what promises to be the largest economic project in the history of Nova Scotia: a \$3-billion plan to develop the Sable Island gas reserves of Nova Scotia's east coast.

This fall, the National Energy Board is expected to rule on a proposal, from a company led by Molson Oil, that would see Sable Island gas piped through Guysborough County to New Brunswick and on to New England. The project has already become something of a political football, with the governments of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia bickering over how much cutbacks along the pipeline route should pay for the gas. At the same time, the National

Energy Board is being urged by another energy corporation—that one proposing a pipeline that extends into Quebec and then into New England—to delay approval of the project until it has a chance to make its own application. For Gaspé and many other residents of Guysborough County, those disputes are acute. "They have a more immediate concern about the proposed megaproject, which is it for?"

A new gas line brings both fear and optimism

In Gaspé's case, the pipeline bringing the Sable gas ashore would run within a kilometer of where he raises sea urchins for sale in Japan. Despite the potential for disrupting his business, Gaspé views the project as a chance to boost the region's flagging economy. And as a member of two citizens' committees advising the Sable gas consortium, he argues it is crucial that local people benefit directly from any jobs and economic spinoff from the project. "We feel we should come first—first ones who have stuck it out, who have invested here," he says. "After all, we're slowly losing our way of life."

That is a common sentiment among the 16,500 residents of Guysborough County in recent years. The three pillars of the region's economy—fishing, forestry and tourism—all collapsed. At 27 per cent, the region

nearly a majority voice in the voting, where most people are eager to see the project pursued as quickly as possible. MacLeod points out that the management team will triple as a result of the development, allowing for more spending on maintained roads and after-hour services. And in an economy that is so fragmented, adds, even modest spinoffs—a few new restaurants, garages and general stores—will make a big difference. "This project won't solve all our problems," says MacLeod. "But maybe it can bring back some of the people who have left and make this a better place to live."

BRIAN DREIGMAN



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AIRBUS AND RIGHTS

The Supreme Court of Canada agreed to hear a lower court ruling that German-Canadian businessman Kerstin Schreiber's rights had been violated. In 1985, a letter from the federal justice department to Swiss authorities implicated Schreiber in alleged violations in the 1988 sale of Airbus jets to Air Canada, and asked for Swiss help in the investigation. Federal lawyers argue that the ruling, which said that such letters need a judge's approval, would compromise other investigations.

TRACKING ALLEGED ABUSES

The Ontario Provincial Police said that eight former workers of St. Anne's Residential School in Fort Albany will soon be charged with the abuse of Oneida and Ojibway children. The alleged offences date back to the late 1950s, and include children being forced to eat in a home-made electric chair, severe beatings and rape.

ELECTION TALLIES

Two Ontario ridings held by the provincial Liberals and one held by the NDP were re-elected by their respective parties in by-elections. Some observers said the results under-scored Premier Mike Harris' flagging popularity. Four Quebec elections, meanwhile, will be held Oct. 6 in what is widely viewed as a test of the Parti Québécois government.

DEATH PROBE ORDERED

Manitoba Justice Minister Vic Toews ordered a review into whether Crown prosecutors mishandled the case against four men accused of murder in an alleged pay-baiting in Winnipeg in 1981. The charges were stayed after it was revealed that the Crown's star witness was in Winnipeg when the alleged attack occurred.

RACISM DENIED

University of Toronto president Robert Prichard denied racism was behind two teachers being turned down for positions leading to tenure. Black lawyer April Sung, who has a master's degree from Harvard University, has claimed she was not hired because she would not "fit" into the all-white faculty. Geophysicist Ron Ip Chau, who was turned down for tenure four times because he is Chinese,



Ghislain meeting quietly with three premiers to talk abdy

Applying pressure

There was a lot of last-minute political

maneuvering, as neither premiers—either closing Quebec's Lucien Bouchard—prepared for a Sept. 14 and 15 national unity conference in Calgary. Last week, Prime Minister Jean Chrétien quietly dispatched a Challenger jet to whisk Alberta Premier Ralph Klein and Saskatchewan Premier Roy Romanow to Ottawa for previously unannounced

Harris told reporters.

The Supreme Court of Canada waded into the debate by agreeing that Quebec lawyer Guy Bertrand—a former sovereigntist turned staunch federalist—can present the court with arguments for partitioning Quebec. The court has set aside three days in December to hear submissions on Quebec's legal right to secede unilaterally.

Where are all the fish?

JUSTICE

A hollow apology

Testifying at the inquiry into Guy Paul Morin's serial child killer conviction for the 1985 murder of 16-year-old Christine Jessop, former Crown prosecutor Lisa McGregor said he was sorry for helping convict Morin in 1992. But then McGregor testified that he would choose almost nothing if he were to do it all again, and claimed that Mississauga's juries focused on "holding the high moral ground." In 1992, he said, Mississauga juries took legal action on their own. McGregor also said he still believes the testimony of former convict Robert Dean May, who told a jury that Morin confessed to him in the car while they two shared a jail cell. May, whom some plaintiffs have identified as a pathological liar, had received his trial testimony and then recanted it. McGregor said, however, that even those revelations have not shaken his belief. Morin was acquitted in 1986, but then found guilty at his 1992 retrial. In 1995, he was exonerated by DNA tests.

"I think it'll be won by diplomacy."

Turning his focus on the East, Anderson announced that fishermen will be allowed to catch 10 cod per day from Sept. 22 to 24 on the north-shore waters of Quebec and western and southern Newfoundland. In St. John's, meanwhile, delegates at the international summit of the Sea conference discussed how to change the way scientific data on fish stocks are collected, studied and used by governments. The debate grew out of allegations made last May that Ottawa overfished its scallops to minimize the impact overfishing has had on stocks.

Mother Teresa
1910-1997



World

DEATH OF A 'SAINT'

BY MARCI McDONALD

She had defied death so often that when it finally came, even some of her closest followers at first hoped it was yet another false alarm. To many, mere mortality seemed out of the question for Mother Teresa, the 87-year-old Albanian nun long hailed as a living saint for her ministry to the impoverished, the leprosy and the dying in Calcutta's teeming, dead streets. Even before her death last week of cardiac arrest at her convent in Calcutta, she seemed destined for official canonization by the Roman Catholic Church, for which she had become a venerated 20th century icon. "Her importance is that she illuminated the greatest problem we have in the world today—poverty," said Ann Petre, the Windsor-born director whose acclaimed 1986 film on Mother Teresa has been shown in more than 80 nations. "And she taught us what to do about it, to spiritualize it—to see the God within each person." Rather than regarding the poor as a problem, she saw every human being, no matter how wretched, as an opportunity to do something for Jesus.

Born Agnes Gonxha Bojaxhiu, Mother Teresa was an apparently simple woman who managed to build a complex international order of 4,500 sisters and brothers in more than 100 countries. She did so with a mixture of stubborn entrepreneurial shrewdness—and the labor of an unceasing 36th. Last November, 46 years after she had rescued her first dying outcast from a leper ghetto, Mother Teresa declared herself ready to die when she was admitted to a private Calcutta hospital for the third time that year with heart failure. But again she recovered—and was forced to admit that God appeared to have other plans for her. Throughout the year she continued with her work, which included a two-month world tour during which she met Diana, the Princess of Wales—a great admirer—for the fourth time, in New York City.

But her health remained precarious. For that reason, the day before her death, her order, the Missionaries of Charity, issued a statement that she would not be able to attend the princess's funeral. Early Friday evening, after a dinner of soup and toast, she finished her prayers and then complained of pain in her back. A doctor was summoned—even as a crowd began to swell in front of the upper-class apartment. An hour later, nursing ring the bell outside the main entrance and announced that Mother Teresa was dead.

The accolades that poured in from around the world signalled the great esteem in which she had been held. In Rome, a spokesman for Pope John Paul II said that the pontiff was "deeply moved and grieved" by her death. "She is a woman who

has left her mark on the history of this century," the Vatican said. Others expressed similar sentiments. U.S. president Bill Clinton, on vacation at Martha's Vineyard, Mass., called her "an incredible person." In a statement, Prime Minister Jean Chretien said she was a "truly exceptional human being," and added, "Her dedication and courage earned her pride from the mighty and the famous, but it was service to the weak and nameless that gave meaning to her life and for which she will always be remembered." And in London, Queen Elizabeth praised Mother Teresa's "unending devotion to the poor and destitute of all religions." She told the Queen and, "convinced to live in the hearts of all those who have been touched by her selfless work."

While the world lauded her accomplishments, including the 1979 Nobel Peace Prize, the Missionaries of Charity assumed the indefinable woman they called simply "Mother"—and pondered the uncertain future of their order. Last March, when Mother Teresa reluctantly stepped down as superior general, they elected a successor Sister Nirmala, a former Hindu who converted to Roman Catholicism. But many observers have wondered whether an order as closely associated with its founder—one who exercised a tight control over her followers that seemed to reflect an earlier era when convert life was more authoritarian and monastic—could continue to attract new converts. A梵蒂冈 spokesman suggested now that she is gone, the missionaries will also deliberate whether to continue to embrace Mother Teresa's religious and political conservatism, including a fierce opposition to birth control in one of the most populous countries on earth. Some sisters had also questioned her emphasis on administering to the poor on a day-to-day basis rather than working to change society. However, Mother Teresa had always preferred to reach out on a spiritual, not political, level. "I am not trying to change anything," she said. "I am only trying to live my love. Let us do something beautiful for God."

That decision had informed her decisions ever since she accepted her call to the religious life at 18 in Skopje—now in Macedonia—where she grew up the youngest of three children born to a prosperous contractor and import-exporter. After her father died when she was 5, the family had been angry and heartbroken, forced to take in young, became even more devout in their own Catholic faith. Taking young Agnes on her rounds visiting the sick and needy, she helped support her daughter's later vocation. But inspired by stories tales of missionaries in India, Agnes set her heart on joining the Irish order of the Sisters of Lourdes, known for their work there. At 18, after two months at their

**The world mourns
the Albanian nun
who devoted herself
to helping the
poorest of the poor**



'She has left her mark on the history of this century'

Dublin headquarters, she set up a local history and geography at St. Mary's, the order's high school for girls in Calcutta, where she later became principal—and eventually an Indian citizen.

In Petri's film, the Larvae take us on a pilgrimage to India during her two decades with them. Sister Teresa as she was known, showed neither exceptional intelligence nor unusual presence. But unlike others in the convent's oasis of manicured gardens, she looked out her bedroom window and could not resign herself to the tableau of human misery unfolding daily in the slums of Calcutta. On September 20, 1946, while tending by hand to a morsel in the mountain of Dargeling, she received what she termed her "call within a call"—to work with the poorest of the poor. Four years later, after her implausible efforts finally won her an exceptional papal order of "understanding"—allowing her to work indepedently—she set out into the city streets with only three months' medical training, no money or plan—but with the phrase that would become her guiding dogma: "God will provide."

Given the honors since heaped upon her, it seems difficult to

With the Pope in Calcutta, 1946:
unusually虔诚
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grasp her difficult beginnings. Attempting to set up an outdoor school in a vacant lot, writing the letters of the Bengali alphabet in the sand, she found herself taunted and mocked, accused by officials of trying to convert the Hindus to Christianity. But in 1952, the city donated a former hotel near a temple to Rabi—the Hindu goddess of death and destruction—to her first home for the dying, Nirmal Hriday (Pure Heart). And after she took in one of the sick's priests, who had been exiled from the temple with leprosy and left in the streets to die, the Baulay suddenly reappeared.

That year, the Vatican officially sanctioned her new order, begun with a handful of former students gathered in simple items of white kameez and cotton edged in blue; her reputation began to spread. With her order originally restricted to women, she insisted that her sisters take the three traditional vows of all nuns—poverty, chastity and obedience. But she added a rigorous fourth—to give wholeheartedly, free service to the very poorest—and demanded that the sisters thereafter live in poverty with only a single change of clothes and natural possessions, including a small

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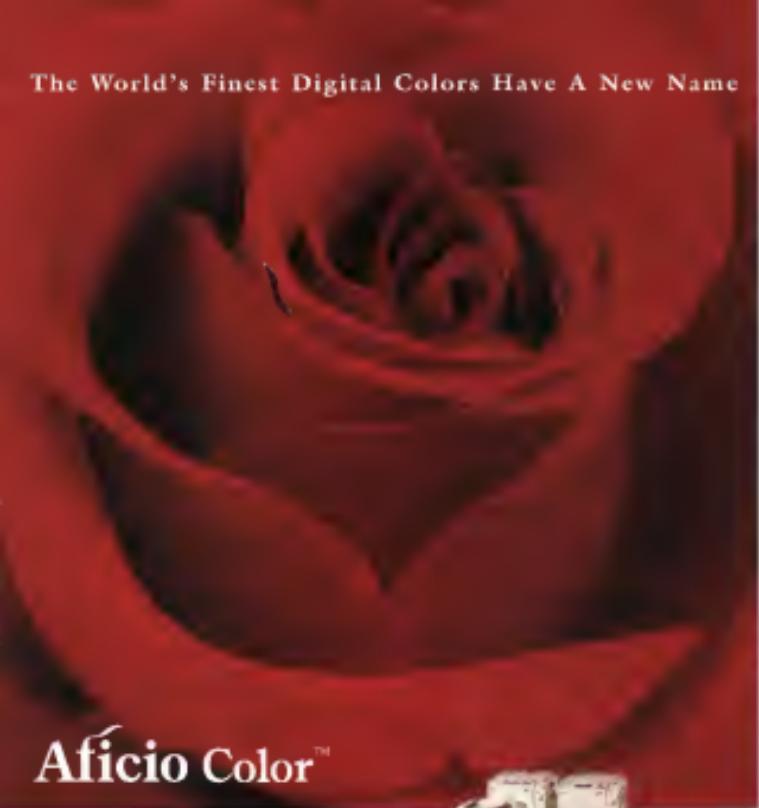
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bread and butter. In the 1980s, after supporters turned over a latrinely refurbished home in San Francisco to the order, Mother Teresa thanked them politely, then promptly went in and tore up all the expensive carpeting, pews and winter heating that had been newly installed, insisting that her nuns live equally everywhere in the world.

When Malcolm Muggeridge, the contentious British pundit, first visited in 1969, he found her in a sweatshop, reporting "a shining quality." As he later wrote, "I never met anyone more mercenary." Peter countered, "her presence is something." But over the years, Mother Teresa consistently countered attempts to reduce her to one simple understanding of the purpose of her work. In 1984, Pope Paul VI bestowed on her a white Lincoln limousine that had been presented to him during a congress in Bombay. She promptly sold it off—and with the nearly \$100,000 in proceeds, opened Shantiashram, her village for lepers. And when the Indian government gave her a free plot of land, she bifurcated them for the same privileges as its office, namely offering to work off her passage as a flight attendant.

In Guatemala, the governing junta threatened to expatriate her jet-set trans-city mission for a shopping mall, but she doggedly declined their offers of other lots. And during flooding, Petre watched bemused as Mother Teresa conceded that U.S. envoy to the Middle East Philip Habib when he told her she could not enter West Beirut because of shelling. She calmly responded that she knew there would be a consequence she had been praying in "Our Lady" for very thing. The next day, a crusader was indeed declared, and she entered the rubble with a convoy of four ambulances to rescue victims of abandoned and hand-spared orphans.

But while some saw her as a saint, others had less flattering descriptions. In a blistering 1986 television documentary for Britain's private Channel 4 called *Mother Angel*, and an equally 1985 book entitled *The Missionary Princess*, Randy Ravin claimed Christopher Hitchens asserted



Bracing a child, touching a rosary in Ottawa, 1985
Randy Ravin's
book exposing
Mother Teresa

Mother Teresa a demagogue and a propagandist for the Vatican's anti-abortion complex. In elaborate detail, Hitchens chronicled the fact that she had accepted honors from the likes of Michele Sindona, the wife of Hitler's former designee Jean Claude

(Baldy Doch), and a \$1.75-million donation from Charles Keating, Jr., an American savings and loan tycoon convicted in 1989 of fraud and racketeering. But she refused to answer the charges. And nearly a decade earlier, in Petre's film, she had explained that if "God takes away your good name, you accept it. If you're on the street, you accept being in the street. Sometimes that's how it is—everything taken away from you."

Now, without her overwhelming presence, her order will find it more difficult to ignore such critique—or even to reap such publicity and public regard. And most of her followers are more determined than ever to tackle the root causes of poverty rather than administer Band-Aid. Certainly, whatever replaces the Sisters of Charity choose to map, the art will never be the same. Then again, as Petre points out: "There will never be another Mother Teresa. But her message remains in the work she always told people who wanted to come to India to do the work the hard way—to start with their own hands. She taught that the poorest countries in the world were not the developing nations but the United States and Canada—because of the lack of love." □

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Aftermath of Jerusalem bombing:
Death, death and more death!

Image played into Netanyahu's hands. Before Albright's mission, the Americans had tried to convince him that Israel's security services were cooperating in the fight against the violent elements of the Oslo peace agreement. Having stubbornly disagreed, the Israeli can now point to his courage to bolster their argument. But this will leaves open the question of what step to take next. For some issues, the answer lies in tightening the economic noose that is already around Arafat's neck with more stringent border controls and tougher sanctions by Israel and the United States, both of which are already withholding funds earmarked for the Palestinians. And so it goes.

More moderate Israeli voices, however, accuse Netanyahu of resorting to hardline ideology that is fundamentally counterproductive. "We should demand that the Palestinians fight terrorism vigorously," agreed the opposition Labour Party's Yossi Beilin, one of the architects of the Oslo accords. "But on the other hand we should help them create the appropriate atmosphere in. That means not to withhold their tax revenues and not to stop the negotiations." Arafat cannot fight terror alone, said Beilin, if the Palestinians in the streets support Hamas, the militant Islamic groups that claimed responsibility for the bombings. "And," he added, "the street is with Hamas if Israeli policy does not give hope to the Palestinian people."

Now, many Israelis expect Albright to focus on the urgent issue of re-establishing security, rather than on the thorny problem of the pace of Israel's handing of territory to the Palestinians. As for Arafat, the Jerusalem bombs have seriously undermined his negotiating position. While the Palestinian leader condemned the attack, he had publicly embraced Shlomo Leifer at a mass rally in a show of "solidarity" only two days earlier. "He kisses and hugs them," railed Netanyahu, "and the message

they get from that is very clear—that they can operate in areas under his control."

As leaders on both sides weighed the political fallout from the latest suicide bombing, shopkeeper Yaakov Halkin wiped blood from the floor of his hardware store on Ben Yehuda Street. "Enough already," he sighed. "How much longer can we go on like this? Death, death and more death." Last week's events held no promise of relief.

A s usual, the explosions were perfectly timed, three murders, machine-gunned blues last weekend, followed by more than 12 wrecks hours later in a lonely Jerusalem street. The synchronised suicide bombs claimed seven lives, and less than 12 hours later Israeli and Palestinian were once again locked in a familiar cycle of escalating violence. Israeli troops launched a counterstrike deep into Lebanon, only to run themselves into an ambush that killed 13 Israeli commandos. On the eve of U.S. Secretary of State Madeleine Albright's first official visit to the region, the two events severely strained the already fragile Israeli-Palestinian peace process.

On her non-stop, six-month tour scheduled to begin this week, Albright will encounter a turbulent Israeli government in no mood for dealing with Yasir Arafat's Palestinian Authority. "We can't have an area where we are required to give up more territory to the Palestinian Authority at a time when they are our fighters," declared Israeli Foreign Minister Benjamin Netanyahu, sounding pertinently close to cancelling Israel's participation at the upcoming peace process. "It was given up once before, that you would be used as a base for attacks."

The bombs exploded at 3:00 p.m. on Thursday, when crowds throughout the trendily bohemian and outdoor cafes that line tree-shaded Ben Yehuda pedestrian mall in West Jerusalem. "The street was

New violence severely tests the Middle East accord

In one tragic sense, the Jerusalem bomb-

WORLD ■ ISRAEL

A strained peace

BARRY CALM with JACOB SIELEN in Jerusalem

ACQUA DI GIÒ

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World NOTES

CRASH IN CAMBODIA

An 11-month-old Thai boy and a Vietnamese child were the only survivors after a Vietnam Airlines jet crashed before landing in Cambodia's capital Phnom Penh, killing 64 people. Most victims were from South Korea and Taiwan. Ottawa confirmed one Canadian was aboard, but said relatives asked that information be released.

CANADIAN CONVICTED

A Malaysian judge sentenced a Canadian journalist working as a correspondent in Southeast Asia to three months in jail for contempt of the judiciary. Murray Hiebert, 47, a native of Steinbach, Man., was convicted for writing in the Far Eastern Economic Review that a lawsuit by a judge's wife appeared to move quickly through the court system. Hiebert posted \$75,000 bail to stay out of jail pending an appeal, in addition to \$50,000 he had put up before his conviction.

MISSING HUKEST?

The Russian military has lost track of more than 100 suitcase-sized nuclear bombs, according to former Russian national security adviser Aleksandr Lebed. The octogenarian general, ousted last year in a power struggle, told U.S. congressmen the portable weapons were ideal for terrorists. However, Moscow officials denied they ever mislaid, and a state department spokesman said Washington accepted there was no cause for concern.

DISSIDENT FREED

Vietnam released one of its most prominent political prisoners in a move that diplomats hoped signalled a more open approach to human rights in the country. Pham Van Khai, 66, had been imprisoned since 1980 as one of a group of southern intellectuals who circulated a pro-democracy newsletter called *Freedom Forum*. He was due to join his wife and children in San Francisco.

STADIUM DISASTER

A rocky stadium in Paraguay collapsed amid strong winds, killing at least 38 people who had gathered for an election rally. More than 300 were injured. Victims had no way to escape as the structure collapsed around them. The makeshift building, lacking foundations, had been put up only a week earlier.



BACK TO GREECE

across Greece who held road street parties after the country won the contest to host the 2004 summer Olympic Games. The first Olympics were held in Greece in 776 B.C., and they were revived in Athens in 1896. Greece felt betrayed when the International Olympic Committee gave the 1996 Centennial Games to Atlanta and then granted the first games of the new millennium to Sydney, Australia. This time, Raemeen Albers, Stockholm and Cape Town lost out. Greek officials insisted two anti-Olympic firebombs attacks in Athens last week posed no security risk.

A deadly bombing in Havana

It is a tragic irony that raised fears for Cuba's cultural future because a Montreal-based businesswoman became the first person to die in a second, all-wave of Cuban attacks on tourists in Havana. Fabio de Celso, 33, a native of Genoa, Italy, who was visiting Havana as a sales representative, had his throat cut by a flying baseball bat after an explosion at a bar in the Copacabana Hotel. On the same day there were smaller blasts in two other resort hotels—the Chatos and the Tropicana—as well as at La Rodriguez de Mello restaurant, a legendary haunt of Ernest Hemingway.

Al Gore accused in campaign cash scandal

Republican senators stepped up efforts to discredit DLS Vice-President Al Gore over a 1996 California luncheon at a Buddhist temple that raised \$140,000 for the Democratic party. Solar campaign funds at a religious institution is unusual. There were also allegations that donors were illegally reimbursed by the temple. Testifying before a Senate probe of campaign finance abuses in the 1996 presidential race, two Buddhist nuns admitted they had shredded or altered documents once Gore's presence became controversial. A future presidential hopeful, Gore has denied knowing that the lunch was more than a chance to build relations with Asian Americans.

Edited by
BARBARA WICKENS

Talking the talk

If radio talk-show host **Jean Howlett** ever had doubts about moving to TV, they should be assuaged by now. When *Jean Howlett Live* premiered on Hamilton-based CHCH-TV in August 1995, she had already been a popular and critically acclaimed host and interviewer for 15 years, those of those with Toronto radio station CFRB. After just one year, the phone-in TV show got a national forum, moving to the specialty cable channel WTN (Women's Television Network). The 1 p.m. weekday show, which was rebroadcast at 7 p.m., has had such strong ratings that, starting this week, *Jean Howlett Live* moves to the much more crowded five slot at 8 p.m. (Eastern time). Even though that puts her head-to-head with the day's major newscasts in Ontario and Quebec, Howlett, 42, is excited by the challenge. That's because the potential audience is so much larger and so is the potential pool of guests, since touring celebrities are often in greater demand. "Friday, already the move seems to have paid off. Her first guest of the new season is actress **Mary Tyler Moore**, who suddenly appears on talk shows. Says Howlett, "Everything has gone so well, it's a move. OK, let's look at it and see how far we can go with it."

The talk-show host is hoping the show's time change will pay dividends in her personal life as well. Howlett is married to **Chris Alcock**, 41, producer and pub-



Howlett: "Other people are really afraid of going live, but we love it."

bility director for Electric Entertainment, the production company that she and her partner, **Paul Ohlson**, own. The couple has two children, **Amber**, 14, and **Skyler**, 9. For most of their young lives, Howlett was working before they were up in the morning. "Now, I'll be able to serve them breakfast and get them out the door," she says. "And I can actually go on a school trip!"

Nat that Howlett has a lot of spare time. In addition to her own show, she is involved in curating degrees at all of Electric Entertainment's programs. They include **Bitter & Grit**, another daily daytime show on WTN, with **Dr. Rossana Pellegrini** answering health-related questions, and **Askania**, celebrity interviewer. **Brion Linchman** is a weekly program on the WIC Television Network. Now to the mix is *Adventures on Land*, which premieres on WIC on Sept. 30 with business journalist **Pau Baldwin** fielding investment questions. And with other new specialty cable channels coming on stream this fall, the company has other projects for live shows in development. "Other people are really afraid of going live, but we love it," says Howlett. "You just never know what's going to happen."

The long shadow of war

Journalist **Douglas Webber** says that working on his first book, *Afghanistan: The Remnants of War*, was the most difficult thing he has ever done. The work, which last week won Canada's Lionel Gelber Prize for outstanding nonfiction on global issues, is a collection of disturbing essays about how war can force us to sacrifice civilians long after the soldiers have gone. Webber started his research in 1994 in France, where reflections of tonnes of unexploded shells left in the ground after the First World War still kill and maim dozens each year. He also visited modern battlefields in countries including Russia, Webster and Kuwait, where land mines from the Gulf War left the desert uninhabitable



Webber: "An longer objective"

Tunes with a 'Newfie' attitude

When a donkey is not a donkey? When it's the subject of a *Great Big Sea* song. Young and proud of its heritage, the acoustic Dartmouth group keeps Newfoundland location alive and well on its new album, *Play*. The sea shanty *Darkney Dandy* is not about the four-legged beast but rather a winch for lifting anchors or hoisting sails, explains multi-instrumentalist **Bob McLeelt**, 30. And the lyrics contain plenty of other expressions to honor mainland Canadian bros.

But if McLeelt, guitarist **Alan Doyle**, 27, bassist **Darrell Power**, 28, and **Sean McCann**, 29, who plays the banjo, a hand-drilled Celtic drum made of goatskin—currently in the middle of a two-month-long tour—had their way, terms like *agg* and "What are you *aff*?" would be as much a part of the language as pastime and tourism. In keeping with the band's previous CD, 1993's *Up*, the new album, which has sold 100,000 copies since its May release, is a mix of 16 traditional and original songs, including a vicious version of R.E.M.'s *End of the World*. Says Doyle: "It's in line with the Newfie attitude of being blindly belligerent when times are tough."



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*Goodbye England's rose;
may you ever grow in our hearts.
You were the grace that placed itself
where lives were torn apart.*

—from *Candle in the Wind*, sung by Elton John,
Westminster Abbey, Sept. 6, 1997



From the Heart

Britain buries Diana amid tears and controversy

BY JOE CHIDLEY

It was unusual for London—there was not a cloud in the sky. It had rained often during the week, but on Saturday the darkness, the gloom, was within the hearts and minds of those lined up outside Kensington Palace. An hour before the simple gun carriage bearing the coffin of Diana, Princess of Wales, was due to emerge from the palace gates, thousands of people, most dressed in black, lined Kensington Road in queues 20 or 30 deep. These were spontaneous acts of respect by a city of half a million after waiting hours with its parents, the noise of security helicopters circling overhead, the half-muffled adoration from a middle-aged mourner to a press photographer working the crowd—"On your knee, Charlie." But even when the cortege passed, there were only a few who wept. Most silence, on a street normally filled with conversation and traffic noise, was the silence.

For much of the funeral, broadcast to more than 60 countries and an estimated 2.5 billion TV viewers—nearly half the world—Britain was a nation united in grief and respect, as Queen Elizabeth II had put it the evening before in a rare television address. At the cortege—pulled by the King's Troop, the Royal Horse Artillery, and accompanied by a bearer party of 32 from the Welsh Guards—wound its slow way along London's streets, the scope of feeling among the hundreds of thousands who packed the six-kilometer route from Kensington Palace to Westminster Abbey was palpable. At the halting point, Pall Mall, more than 300 civilians, representatives of the 100-plus charities that Diana patronized during her life, fell in behind—some in canvas drums, many in wheelchairs or using canes. There, too, princes William and Harry, aged 15 and 12, joined in, walking behind the gun carriage with their father, Prince Charles, grandfather Prince Philip and uncle Earl Spencer; a flower arrangement on the hearse carried an envelope with the single word "Mummy," handwritten by one of the boys. And as the cortege approached Buckingham Palace, the Queen and other members of the Royal Family came out to the street to pay silent tribute to Diana, killed at 36 in a devastating car crash in Paris.

Her final ride lacked many of the formal trappings of a royal funeral—Diana, after all,



East Spencer, prince William, Harry and Charles; Diana's casket moves through London (right); silent silence in the streets



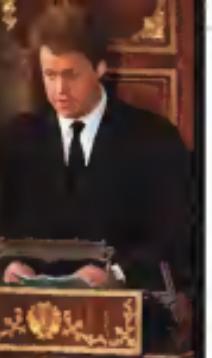
had been stripped of her designation as "Her Royal Highness" upon divorcing Charles last year. Instead, the funeral procession, like the ceremony inside Westminster Abbey, was a mixture of pomp and pop culture that seemed to fit the woman who had been both a royal and a rebel, an upper-class girl turned working-class celebrity. The weak and disabled walked with the Queen to the throne, the Queen stood with her subjects in mourn. Following a segment of Verd's *Anthem*, Elton John sang a special version of *Condé in the Wind*, the words adapted to Diana's memory, that left her sons William and Harry—and many other mourners—in tears.

Carefully planned by Buckingham Palace and the Spencers, the ceremony and procession reinforced Diana as the "people's princess, queen of the people's hearts." As she was printed in the Abbey by laity and clergy, there was an inevitable catharsis. "To me, it was a rare, remarkable experience to be part of," said Foreign Affairs Minister Lloyd Axworthy, who officially represented Canada at the event, and



Elton John sings a special *Condé in the Wind*, a mixture of pomp and pop culture

who had worked with Diana on the campaign to ban land mines. "More than anything, there was a sense of healing." But there was also controversy. Raging tendencies to his mother, Earl Spencer—undoubtedly and strongly—spilled the whole orchestrated show. It began when Spencer took a swipe, but unmistakable shot at the Queen, saying that Diana "proved in the past year that she needed no royal title to continue to generate her particular brand of magic." Diana Spencer—who personally sought and obtained an assurance from the owners of London's leading tabloids that they would not attend the ceremony—received his attack in the media, whom he clearly held culpable for his sister's death. Their assault on Diana he said, had made her consider exiling herself from England. And he expressed his remorse over their mistakes. "My own and only expla-



Spencer delivering the eulogy; the casket arrives at Westminster Abbey, attacking the media—and the mourner

"Diana was the very essence of compassion, of class, of style, of beauty. All over the world, she was a symbol of selfless humanity. All over the world, a standard-bearer for the rights of the truly disadvantaged, a very British girl who transcended nationality. Someone with a natural nobility who was classless and who proved in the past year that she needed no royal title to continue to generate her particular brand of magic."

"I don't think she ever understood why her genuinely good intentions were sneered at by the media, why there appeared to be a persistent quest on their behalf to bring her down. It is trifling. My own and only explanation is that genuine goodness is threatening to those at the opposite end of the moral spectrum."

"She would want us today to pledge ourselves to protecting her beloved boys, William and Harry, from a similar fate and do that there, Diana, on your behalf. We will not allow them to suffer the anguish that regularly drove you to tears."

—See Spencer, Sept. 6, 1997

nation," he added, "so that genuine goodness is threatening to those at the opposite end of the moral spectrum."

Spencer, 33, is a turned-lis remarks to the princes William and Harry, and venture into even more controversial territory. Pledging that the Spencers—Diana's "blood family," he emphasized—would ensure that her children would be brought up in keeping with their standing and potential lineage, he also vowed, addressing himself to his older sister that "we will not allow them to suffer the anguish that regularly drove you to tears during the funeral. The family he said, will see that the children "experience as many different aspects of life as they can"—just as the can face of police and protocol. So that, he added, again addressing Diana, "their souls are not simply immersed by duty and tradition, but can sing openly as you planned."

In more reverent tones, as one would ever have articulated the monies—even implies—before the presence of the leader of the Church of England. But among the thousands of common folk assembled outside, Spencer's comments clearly struck a deep chord. And as he tearfully concluded his speech with homage to "the unique, the complex, the extraordinary and unpredictable Diana," another unprecedented thing happened: the crowd beyond the cathedral's ornate iron bridge into applause, and it carried like a wave into the Abbey itself, where members of the back of the congregation began to cheer as well.

Applause at a funeral? Unthinkable. Yet it was a swell to which the once-unshakable became the order of the day. In fact, Spencer's speech was completely in sync with the public mood. He galvanized emotions that the clear majority of Britain and beyond expressed all week—and not always in muted tones. One was lingering anger at the press, whom many still blame for the death of Diana and her boyfriend, millionaire Dodi Al Fayed—whose French authorities continued to sift through the evidence to try to determine what really happened that tragic night.

More telling, Spencer also gave an important voice to widespread dissatisfaction with the Royal Family's behavior during the week of mourning. Many felt they had enabled Diana to die as they did in life—or obscured with press-and-audience touch with the extent of the public's grief. "Has the House of Windsor got a heart?" the *Daily Mail* had asked on Thursday, while The *Mirror* implored the Queen: "Speak to us Diana." When the royal family finally did respond—by shuffling the ceremonial route and deciding to fly the Queen's Jack at half-mast at Buckingham Palace on the day of the funeral, and with the Queen giving her blessing in private—many Britons saw it as too little, too late. "I think they've been just awful to her—the Queen could have done a lot more in the beginning," said Muriel Calveras, a 61-year-old office worker who had camped out Friday night across from Westminster

Abbey to watch the funeral in the morning. "And Charles' Disgrace."

The question now is whether Diana's funeral truly marked the beginning of the healing process, or whether any ceremony or symbolism can assuage such an extraordinary outpouring. The emotion—over Diana's death and the royal's response—ran so deep that they shocked even veteran observers. "It's about a load of hysteria," said Ingrid Seward, editor-in-chief of *Alamy* magazine. "We've never had this before." The mass grieving—as more than one commentator pointed out, often with a touch of disapproval—put the lie to the British tabloid myth: That she had a good time until she died last week if positively disengaged. And without went the usual standards of politeness and much of the protocol by which the British monarchy has so long lived and died.

It was, in essence, a clash of cultures that had long been unmasking the showiness of the royals, whose repression of feeling was hardened in the

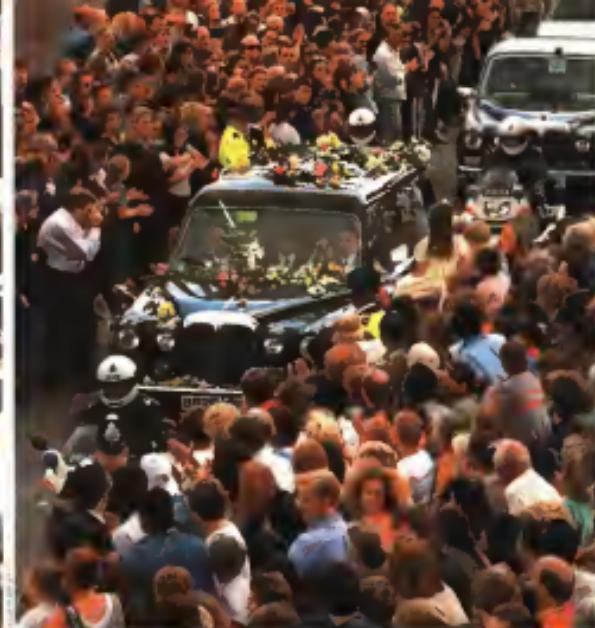


On the casket, an envelope marked
"Mummy": "tucked in grace and respect"

fires of the Blitz, and Diana's 20th-century sentimentality, a mind-set in which the greatest virtue is love. In the week leading up to Diana's funeral, Britain underwent what can only be called a revolution—based on politics or economic theory, but rather on feeling. And however it plays out, Britain will never be the same.

Sitting in a London car near Westminster Abbey late Thursday, 18-year-old Amanda Davies said she had to convince her friend Steven Campbell, 16, to come with her on the 550-km drive to London from her home town of Glasgow. But she knew from the moment she heard news of Diana's death that she had to make the trip. She saw Diana from a distance once, on one of the princess's trips to Scotland five years ago, she said. And to honor her memory, camped out on the street for a night is a small price to pay. "She was phenomenal." The look of uncomfortable taking above her, said Davies, eyes cringing behind her thick glasses. "She was the princess of my heart."

Mourning for Diana began within minutes of news of her death on Aug. 30, when hundreds of Londoners gathered at Diana's Kensington Palace home, laying wreaths and simple flower arrangements, particularly white lilies, the princess's favorite. As the week went on, the patch of floral tributes literally



Crowding the departing hearse as it heads for Althorp, William, Harry and Charles after the service (left);
the question was whether any ceremony or symbolism could assuage such an extraordinarily outpouring

mounted—most accompanied by notes of remembrance for Diana and of sympathy for the two young princes, and all set wrapped in Diana's plastic, earning the term the "cellophane walls." By noon on a sunny Thursday, the ring of flowers lining the Kestington Police fence extended all the way from the gates to the statue of Queen Victoria about 500 m to the south; by five in the afternoon, it had crept northwards at least the same distance again. The crowd, lining up at the roadside, were quiet, reverent—almost as if they were in the interplanetary line at a family funeral.

If Diana was indeed the people's princess, they were people from around the world. The tributes transcended national borders—evident both after pogroms in a Hindu nation, and in her status as an international media star. From Bosnia, where she had recently campaigned against land mines, to Afghanistan and the Philippines, mourners gathered to sign books of condolence and leave flowers. In Monterrey, officials for the capital of Mexico—made ungovernable by the volcanic blasts that have ravaged the tiny Caribbean island for the past two years—have proposed that the city

TV "She was the only one that brought the people to the Royal Family. The rest are very cold."

But, amazingly, the outpourings of emotion were

most prevalent and persistent in England. Outside St. James's Palace, where Diana's body rested after Charles accompanied it from Paris, thousands lined up every day to pay their respects and then sat in silence on one of the 40 hours of vigilance—up from the five originally provided. Many stayed overnight, huddled out in the cold and the rain, to get a good spot at the sunrise. For them, it seemed a cathartic offering to the even the slightest erosion of Diana, or to question the validity of her mourners' feelings. Some did. Several columnists, like Lynda Lee Peltier in the tabloid *Daily Mail*, begged readers "for the prince's sake, don't let Diana be a martyr." Oliver James, a critical psychologist, even suggested on national television that such deep emotion for someone popular hardly love—along with the growing alienation of the princess—was not only immature but "unloving."

Those, however, were clearly in the minority. "Once the damage goes and everything's finished, people will only have regrets about what they didn't do," said Dr. Stephen Parker, director of London's Centre for Stress Management and a grief counsellor. "If people really want to

Outside Buckingham Palace (right), the Queen and Prince Philip amid the tributes; the royal couple responded—but many Britons saw their gestures as too little, too late.



grieve publicly, they should do it." And thousands did respond in concrete, positive ways. By midweek, the Diana, Princess of Wales Memorial Fund, set up by Buckingham Palace to co-ordinate donations to the charities she patronised, had already collected more than \$8 million. And the notes left on the "votive-table walls" around Kensington Palace spoke volumes. "Those you can see now how many people loved you," read one placed like many others near a lit candle. "Blessed," read another, inscribed with Xs for knees. "You gained another angel."

In the wake of Diana's death on July 31, the millions seemed well defined: the paparazzi. They had won the early races, chased and harassed Diana and boyfriend Al Fayed through the streets of Paris, and that fatal, fateful second when the Mercedes limousine crashed head-on into a concrete pillar—killing both of them. As Britain mourned more than one headlines-writer made during one of the few that one accused photographer had the last name "Rat." And around the world, the paparazzi movement translated into an all-encompassing condemnation of the tabloid press. Actor Tom Cruise and pop star Madonna joined in denouncing its obsession with celebrities' private lives. Instead of some supermarket tabloids were yanked from the shelves of several Canadian and U.S. chain stores. Diana's lawyer, David Selby, called the *National Enquirer*, the largest of the tabloids with a paid circulation of 2.7 million, when he learned, which went to press before Diana's death, carried a cover story on her recent Mediterranean vacation with Al Fayed. Headlined: "Diana goes sex mad! Tom's got enough."

But in Paris, the picture of events leading up to Diana's death became more blurry by the day. The village lost its innocence. Even as French authorities warned six photographers and one motorcycle driver that they could be charged with manslaughter, the focus of scrutiny fell squarely on the Ritz hotel driver also killed in the crash, 41-year-old Brian Paul. Two separate postmortem blood tests on him showed a consumption of 175 mg of blood—more than three times the legal limit. The evidence—or what was known of it—seemed to suggest that, beyond the paparazzi's alleged recklessness, a deadly combination of circumspection, bad judgment and alcohol led to the fatal accident.

What is clear is that Paul, a former French air force pilot, settled behind the wheel of the Mercedes-limousine to take the princess and Al Fayed to the Ritz Paris home after dinner at the hotel, the atmosphere around the Ritz was electric. When the couple were ready to leave around midnight, Al Fayed's chauffeur took his boss's Range Rover and set off at high speed with a trail of photographers in pursuit. Diana and Al Fayed, meanwhile, emerged separately from a rear exit.

With Trevor Rees-Jones, a British bouncer hired by the Al Fayed family in the front passenger seat, Paul drove the Mercedes down the rue Cambon. As the car wound through the streets, a pack of photographers pursued, driving over and trying to take pictures through the smoked glass. Police sources and some of the drivers confounded by the photo-snappers showed the driver and the bodyguard lowering their sun visors, apparently to avoid being flattered by camera flashes. When Paul passed the eastern end of the Avenue des Champs-Elysées, witnesses said, the Mercedes was zigzagging erratically. Then, the driver turned onto the long, straight embankment road that runs along the Seine River—and accelerated hard. By the time the car dipped into the Tunnel de l'Alma, source of the fatal crash, the nearest photographers were about 150 m be-



Union Jack at half-mast over Buckingham Palace, protocol

Paul showed a consumption of 175 mg of blood—more than three times the legal limit. The evidence—or what was known of it—seemed to suggest that, beyond the paparazzi's alleged recklessness, a deadly combination of circumspection, bad judgment and alcohol led to the fatal accident.

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Mackie 05

land, according to eyewitnesses. Survivor Ricci-Jones was the sole occupant to sustain his seatbelt, and was also protected by an air bag.

Meanwhile, the Al Tayef family, who has fled a cell set in the castle against the pro-Syrianites, as have the Spencers, demanded that the son's body be returned for burial; the body was returned to Michael Cole, a spokesman for Britain's home town of London for more tests. Michael Cole, a spokesman for Harrods, which the Al Tayef family owns, also produced a shadowy security videotape from the British TV. It, too, could be seen waiting for Al Tayef and Dara to finish their dinner, pausing up and down a corridor and apparently—at least according to the Al Tayef family's interpretation—not breaking it. Cole also said for his spokesman he was struck at once—in at 210 knots as had been claimed. But a police source said Alfonso that it was the limousine's in-chassis—*a* professional racing model similar to one on a Formula 1 black box—that had recorded that speed.

No matter who is ultimately blamed for Diana's death, there's no doubt about its impact. Historical comparisons abound: Marilyn Monroe, John F. Kennedy, Princess Grace of Monaco. But the most lasting legacy of Diana



Bauer Paul, Jeff, and Al found with arm on Buena in Ritz tape. Jeannette

Althorp's Lady of the Lake

The two women in *diva* tiaras strolled out of their car, smiling against the "balance beams" which picked up where Marcielita covered three-quarters of the narrow village road. A few dozen metres from their homes, The Inconsolables man and his family were visiting the funeral of Great Dragon to honor the memory of its more famous daughter, Diana, Princess of Wales, a few days before her funeral procession took her back through the village last Saturday. But the two women, on their way home from a grocery store, were women "They should be respectful of the people who live here," said May Parrot, pointing to the out-of-towners who "Look at us," added her friend Gina Keen. "We can't get into our houses. I hear this is going to be a problem here for a long long time."

Many of her neighbours in the village of detached roofs and winding roads in the rolling hills of Northamptonshire, 33 miles north of London, were as worried as Soson. They feared that Diana's death on the nearby estate of her family the Spencers, would turn their pastoral hamlet into another Graceland. "This could and will upstage Diana's funeral," said Mark Newman, as he laid a black lily near the church. "It's terribly tragic news. I hope it flies out, but I'm worried it might not. Then what are we going to do?"

In the days leading to the funeral, thousands of people paided to the tiny limestone local church, St. Mary the Virgin, built by the Spencers in 1516. Hoskyn carried bouquets of flowers and waited quietly in a queue for hours to sign the Book of Condolence. They were joined by dozens of families from all parts of the globe who immigrated through the village of 150 colonists taking each other for comment before registration that were making another enormous

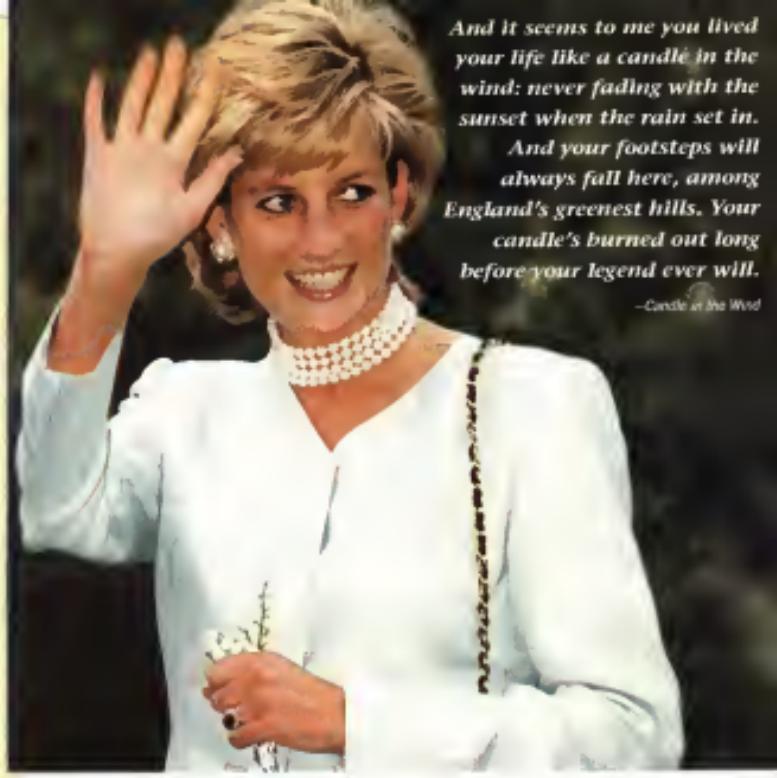
But the media would wait on, once the story faded, to capture the pallbearers for photo ops. Yet the only public structures in the village were the church, a pub, a post office and one phone booth. There were no public toilets and no parking places for the expected crowd of caravans and tour buses.

Still, the pressure could have been worse. The original plan had been to place the priestess' remains at the vault under the floor of the ancient church, where 20 generations of Spaniards have been buried. The day before the funeral, Church brother Charles, the ninth Earl Spencer announced the family would break tradition and bury her as she is in an ornate white crypt. Although Prince Charles is from Great Britain, I think he made the change because he lets people from the village—*sí*, said Chris, my landlord of the horse-headed Fox and Hounds pub, which has served beer since 1765 “he still going to be busy around here, but this will give us some relief.”

The local man was right. The next day, the news of their

The island grows a bit more each year, thanks to land planted by Diana and the prince's children and Harry in recent years. The family has promised to open the grounds for several weeks each year for visitors, and a permanent Diana memorial is planned to stand outside the estate. Last week, though many villagers still complained about the thousands of tourists expected to visit Diana's island, they readily welcomed her home. "She's an angel, and this is the place for her to be now," said Karen, "if she's here, it's like she's never been away."

新編增補古今圖書集成·醫學卷



*And it seems to me you lived
your life like a candle in the
wind: never fading with the
sunset when the rain set in.

And your footsteps will
always fall here, among
England's greenest hills. Your
candle's burned out long
before your legend ever will.*

- Castle in the Wind

Stephen Hassler, leader of the repudiated Common Sense Club, "was going to become a democratic legend."

Now, Diana lives in a secluded grove on the family estate in Althorp, 128 km north of the city. Her resting place is on an island in an ornamental lake, cut off from shore. There, her children will be able to do something they perhaps have never done—stay away from the prying eyes of the media, the loose pressures of her position and celebrity. In that sense, the aphic and bouquet of white lilies that greeted her house as she left London were entirely appropriate. She has had standing ovation for a retiring, beloved performer. A cultishly, a humanistically—and perhaps now more than ever—the queen of the people's hearts, Diana, deserves to have it all—eternal.

RICH RUSSIAN ATTITUDE—Race and CATASTROPHIC SECURITY in Ukraine

The Monarchy's Best Hope

The nation embraces Diana's sons

BY RAE CORELLI

He is no pining-to-rose, too young to drive legally, years away from completing his schooling. For a third of his life he and his younger brother have been part of a broken home, unwilling victims in a drama of re-pudiated wives and forgotten dreams. But last week, in the wake of sudden and innumerable loss, he found himself wrenching from the wings to centre stage. As millions around the world shared Britain's mourning for the Princess of Wales, police-watchers had already begun speculating that Diana's 16-year-old son, Prince William, may be the last best hope for a monarchy hampered by decades of acrimony, bad decisions and adulterous affairs. Two weeks before his mother's death, London's *Daily Express* editorialized: "William showed the qualities his single mom set out in the Royal Family's potential son."

Belatedly growing for Diana embraced William and his brother Harry, 13 next week, in an outpouring of compassion and protectiveness—which actually appeared to deepen a growing hostility towards their father, Prince Charles. "He really did care," said Anthony Holden, author of several books on the Royal Family. "It's unbelievable." The widespread ill feeling towards Charles has led some commentators to suggest that he yield the front of the line for the throne to William. Diana herself said she hoped William, not her adulterous ex-husband, would become king.

Royal biographer Sarah Bradford says however, although the teenager seemed to have withdrawn from his parents' breakaway with "remarkable strength," the "battle of the monarchy will still a long way from being decided." Nor is it likely that Charles, 50 now, year would easily lose something he has waited his whole adult life to attain. At the same time, the shy studious William—a workaholic contrast to rambunctious, fun-loving, irreverent Harry—has exhibited an enthusiasm for the job.

But the nation clearly has ardent enthusiasm for him. That growing affection has been shaped by stories that, amazingly, are often more revealing about his parents' life than the royal. William was taken to hospital after being hit on the head by a wood club at boarding school. While he was waiting for an operation to reset a skull fracture—the task would take surgeons more than an hour—Charles dug up and left to host a visiting European delegation. A friend of Diana's told biographer Andrew Morton: "She wasn't surprised. It merely confirmed everything she thought about him."

After the marriage collapsed in 1992, William and Harry too-



Prince Charles and Harry, an integral star and notables go-eat dinner

shed back and forth between their parents. Diana hugged, patted and laughed with them in public, a demonstrative crown on her head. Charles frequently greeted them by solemnly shaking hands. (Write London Sun columnist Brenda Sanders last week in an open letter to Charles: "Please give them a cuddle.") When the boys spent time with their father, he talked of royal history and tradition and filled with them in the craggy rock Balmain. Sometimes they went fishing or shooting. Diana, on the other hand, took them on rolling excursions to movies, fast-food and fast-food restaurants. "We'll fight for my children on any level in order for them to be happy and have peace of mind," she once said. Because she wanted them to "have an understanding of people's emotions, distress and dreams," they visited the homes and talked with AIDS victims. Yet William was no stranger to emotion at home. He once pushed paper tissues beneath the bathroom door when he heard his mother crying after a quarrel with Charles.

Media interest in blond, blue-eyed William Arthur Philip Louis Windsor rose sharply when he was enrolled at 500-year-old Eton college (annual tuition: \$28,000 a year) in the fall of 1985. In October, the teenage magazine *Seventeen* fifth included a full-color pallid picture of him in a blue blazer—and sales soared. "We'd been sitting around thinking, 'Let's write a profile and have potential as a person,'" said editor Kate Thorne. She was born during the following May when Swedish film director Lars-Willy Andersson, The talk show's much-loved *Live With* host, asked William "a question." Another teen magazine, *Lois & Keely*, published "10 Reasons why Prince William is cool": Will, as Diana called him, was endearing, friends said. Self-taught by Scotland Yard detective, he danced at a London nightclub and is reported to have sold Diana afterward. Lots of girls used to kiss me, but I didn't do anything because the cameras are everywhere." He soon stopped going to parties



Prince William, an intense dignified and a profound distaste for the news media

made his critic and run away the gong. When family members joked that Harry, a playboy prince at the wedding, should be given the role that William finds so unappealing, his younger brother laughed: "Ed love it!"

For years, according to informants, Diana saw her sons living vastly different lives. "She was very conscious that both had a role to play," said Diana's close friend. "She was grooming Prince Harry to be a support to his brother." But William always saw that relationship the other way around. Only hours before her death, Diana got a phone call from William, upset that a police command to be photographed at Eton would place him unfairly in the spotlight by excluding Harry, a student at Ludgrove school in Berkshire.

William's hostility to the media worries the police—and the media. London Daily Telegraph columnist Robert Hardman wrote early last week that if photographers were eventually shown to have contributed to Diana's death, "few would blame him for turning his back on them forever." However, added Hardman, "for a future king to harbor such a loathing for the public eye could damage the monarchy." In an editorial, the newspaper said that if William feared the media and sought revenge, "all this misery will carry on into another generation with great harm to the country we hope he will rule." Meanwhile, the government-appointed committee that monitors the conduct of Britain's newspapers served notice that it would not tolerate admissions used to blackmail of William and Harry. Newspapers agreed among themselves to refrain from the aggressiveness with which they had pursued Diana.

But if the prince never fully accepted that endless encounters with reporters and photographers were with the job, she had learned to handle them skillfully—and hoped William would do the same. In a June 23 interview with *New York Magazine*'s Jane Brown, she said she wished her elder son could acquire the media savvy of John Kennedy Jr. "Many hopes are on William now," she told Brown. "I think he has it. I think he understands. I'm hoping he'll grow up to be an asset should it be John or I want William to handle things as well as John does."

Next week, William will start his day at Eton while Harry enters his first year at Ludgrove. They will be counseled by classmates and counsellors and chaperones. One day, they will need to acknowledge and accept their own celebrity and perhaps employ the polished media know-how of John Jr—or even their mother. But for the time being, what they will need most of all is each other.

By PAULA ADAMICK and BARRY SMITH in London

An Icon for All Seasons

Trying to make sense of the Di phenomenon

BY ANDREW PHILLIPS

It might have been the long, long hours of waiting in line, an excess of emotion, or a simple trick of the light. But there came a moment last week when the nakedly outpouring of grief for Diana, Princess of Wales, when some of the solid, down-to-earth Londoners who had come up to sign the Book of Condolence in St. James's Palace came out weeping they had seen something that, well... was... amazing. In the top right-hand corner of a portrait of Charles I (the king who lost his head to a Puritan republican executioner in 1649), there appeared an image of Diana herself wearing a tunic and covering her face in her hands. It was, they said, a little shadowy but absolutely unmistakable. "It was Di," one shaggy man said as he emerged from the palace. "Surprised? I told you not to be absolutely spans on."

This is the sort of thing that, until last week, Britain could scarcely associate with power, race, emotional, more Catholic countries. Places like Mexico, where ordinary folk flock to marvel at swooping cranes of the *Vigas* Mary on subway walls, or Argentina, where the people

In London in 1997; with John Travolta at the *Reagan* West

Karen Gifford
wrote that
she never did



have also been known to lose their hearts to charismatic women (compared between Diana and Eva Peron were quickly down). It is, most cogently, not the kind of thing that fits the image the world had of Britain—or, for that matter, that Britain had of themselves. Diana changed all that, as she changed so much else. The sheer scale of public distress at her passing went so far beyond what might have been predicted that it entered uncharted territory. Was it simply the cult of celebrity taken to new and dizzying heights? Was it so called New Britain rising up in a massive rejoinder to still, stolid Old Britain? Was it a sign, as London's *Guardian* editorialized, of a "spiritual yearning for something larger than ourselves"? Just what, in the end, was it about Diana that fed Britain and much of the rest of the world to open an emotional vein and bleed no publicly?

It was easy last week to lose sight of the fact that she was, after all, a woman with a full measure of human failings. She lived a life of privilege unimaginable to all but a handful of those who grieved for her. During 16 years as the most celebrated woman in the world, she uttered scarcely a word that anyone remembers. She made disastrous choices in men, entering a loveless marriage and then more than matching her estranged husband in a contest of hide-by. She was no innocent; she manipulated her media image in a carefully calculated, and ultimately successful, battle with the rest of the Royal Family to win public opinion to her side. When she died, she was speeding through Paris in a chauffeur-driven Mercedes with her playboy lover. She left an estate valued at some \$90 million. The "people's princess"? Hardly.

Yet British Prime Minister Tony Blair's brilliant speech perfectly captured the popular mood—as well as, not coincidentally, laying claim to Diana's legacy for New Britain and his own new Labour Party. Despite her obvious flaws—indeed, largely because of them—Diana was the people's princess simply because they claimed her as their own. That was probably obvious from the Niagara of grief and affection that filled the streets of London as well as the 65 condolence books (up from the five the police originally put out), newspaper letter columns from Virgins to Vancouver, even mnemonic Internet sites. The tone was more than admiring; it was intensely personal. "Although I didn't know her and had never met her, I feel like I've lost a friend," wrote a woman from New Zealand. Another responder: "Your life had great meaning to me, your happiness was important to me. I never

wanted you to suffer." A third: "Not since JFK has the tragic public passing of a vibrant, charismatic life touched the world so deeply." A man from South Africa: "This marks the most tragic day of my life." The people most possessed of Diana after being passive spectators of the unfolding royal soap opera for so long, they leaped onto the stage and clowned the stars off.

The emergence of such a cult is the only weird is, by definition, something mysterious. Some of the ingredients are obvious. She died young. Her John F. Kennedy, Marilyn Monroe, James Dean and like Shirley (not Jesus Christ). Age will not weary her, nor the years condense her—her timeless public interest or more likely escapades. Another script might have turned her into a savvy joke. Diana Al Rayed, David's trophy wife, a gang queen of the Barbados Islands, she is frozen forever at the height of her fame, a lasting relic to the Royal Family and to her hapless ex-husband, Charles. A British constitutional historian, David Starkey, put it like this last week: "She is the eternal good woman. He is the eternal bad man." That is the shadow she left on the monarchy.

Then there was the sheer ubiquity of Diana. She was, as was endlessly noted, the most photographed woman in the world. This week's issue of *People* magazine marks her 44th appearance on its cover—more than any other person. She has been on the cover of *Marie-Claire's* 12 times, and on *Time* and *Newsweek* seven each. While other modern masters of the media connect with voice and video, Diana was the queen of an older but endlessly potent form: the still image. She patented the *longue face*—head lowered, chin tucked into her chest, eyes glancing up in a regard that was simultaneously seductive, vulnerable and alluring. She grew into her beauty, more precisely, her appeal was such that standards of beauty were rediscussed in her own image. Mordovina filled her, but the cameras never did. She may have been, as the American cultural critic Camille Paglia once noted, "the last of the silent film stars."

Diana did not triumph by glossing over her personal struggles, but by sharing them with the world. This childhood scarred by divorce, the doomed marriage, the rising disorders, the painful and public divorce—all made her more human, more approachable to her public. Women, in particular, related her juvenile grief to their own lives. Prince Charles, the Queen and the other royals suffered their own share of woe,



In Pakistan last year good works and an ability to touch people is a personal way

but in true Hanoverian style they kept it in. Diana let it all out. Even last week, despite the Queen's unprecedented TV address, the royals upheld the traditional British value of the stiff upper lip. Diana deflected down by holding out a new ideal: the trembling lower lip. She gave the British permission to acknowledge, to finally let go—and let go, they did—in spectacular style. They cheered her on. It was a victory for the confessional style in public life. Like U.S. President Bill Clinton, an other famous bi-lipper, she felt the people's pain, and they felt hers.

There was also, of course, her good works. She lent her name and her time to the cause of AIDS patients, the homeless and, most recently, the eradication of land mines. But it was not the public causes that people dwelt on last week. They wanted to picture Diana in a personal, visceral way, and as there was a stream of testimony from people who had been touched by the princess—either literally (outside the Queen, she wore gloves only when meeting people on formal occasions). A secretly gained interview with Vincent Sculthorpe claimed that Diana actually saved his life when he was a migrant living on the street, by bringing him food and arranging for a place for him to stay. Others spoke of receiving cards and calls from Diana long after she visited them in hospital. Over and over again, they were mentioning and seconding her far-southerly goodness.

Diana's saga was a mere media construction. It connected with some of our most powerful images and myths. Pagina—reflecting on her life as presented in the 1992 book that blew the lid off the marriage, Andrew Morton's *Diana: Her True Story*—noted that she "rapp[ed] into a series of archetypes of womanhood that have deep and enduring cultural roots." She was first seen as Cinderella—the shy teenager working at humble jobs (cleaner, nursery school teacher) who was swept up by a fantasy prince. Soon, she became the betrayed wife as Charles remained his liaison with his old and current lover, Camilla Parker Bowles. Surrounded by courtiers intent on breaching her spirit and raising her to conform to royal ways, she became the Princess in Their Grace, cut off emotionally from Charles and physically from her friends. They jokingly called her the Princess of Wales. Her other personas included the Mother Goddess—the sorrowing mother of William and Harry, reminiscent of a tear-streaked Medusa—and, of course, the Hollywood Queen of glamour and extravagance.

The images are rich and complex and sometimes contradic-



On her wedding day, the marriage turned into a contest of intimacy



With her sons at Niagara Falls in 1981.
"She was still a good woman."

aff London refused to let the Royal Family know where Diana's funeral would be conducted. They claimed it for themselves, leaving the royal to make concession after concession, and so took possession of Diana herself.

Once upon a time, there was a real-life Saint Diana. She was a Dominican nun who died in Italy in the year 226. Not much is known about her, but *The Book of Saints* compiled by Bede, dating back to an abbey at Bury St Edmunds, England, notes: "After a very worldly youth, she embraced religion against the wish of her family." If AIDS work and campaigning against land mines are the late-20th-century equivalent of getting religion, then the parallel is uncanny. Before the modern Diana was in the ground, some of her admirers were seeing apparitions of her. She will remain a force to be reckoned with—even from beyond the grave.

Reaching Out in Toronto

BY JUNE CALLWOOD

On an unseasonably warm day in late October six years ago, Diana, the Princess of Wales, paid an astonishing visit to an elegant 12-bed AIDS hospice in central Toronto known as Casey House. Diana had just begun to venture into the issue of AIDS, then repellent to much of society, but it was still surprising that she chose to see a hospice full of very ill people rather than some less harrowing AIDS setting.

While it had been made clear to the Casey House staff that Diana would visit residents in their rooms, it was by no means certain what that meant. On another occasion when a fed and minister of health visited Casey House, he entered one room but kept his turn around to the front room until the last chafed up his sleeve instead. It was a time when, despite all the reassurances, many people still feared that the AIDS virus could be transmitted by touching, and it was not uncommon at Casey House for patients to limit physical contact with healthy children.

Media were to be excluded during Diana's visit of the hospice, which is fiercely protective of residents' privacy, but one man, much awed by the disease but well enough to be out of bed, had volunteered to be part of a simple photo op just inside the front door. He was seated, in a state of serious delight, as Diana swept as, tall and radiant in a short-sleeved pink suit.

A child for her, she chose to sit, had been placed a discreet distance from the obviously ill man. Diana assessed the situation, sat down, tucked her close, and put her hand on his.

I was watching, leaning out of the way, and feeling removed from the giddy excitement that passed through the building. My feelings about Diana were ambivalent. For the most part a silly yet vain woman, but I did admire her decency in publicly supporting a cause—AIDS—that had few friends in high places. In the moment when she moved her chair, however, my reservations evaporated. Good as you, I thought gratefully, as cancer flashes lathered her in gloom. In my new pantheon of Diana, she had come closer to a man with AIDS than anyone else. Diana's quiet close-to-a-man with AIDS gave more information about HIV transmission than a trillion public health brochures.

With the result gone, Diana moved slowly from room to room, about her time, sitting on beds and holding the sick persons based on her. In the residents' lounge, she encountered an over-sized St. Swithin Rose, a former small-town school principal who was more distinguished than he had embarrassed his family by

was about dying. He was flanked by his daughter, Mary Lee Rose and Nancy Lester, who told the princess shyly that they both had memento of her wedding pictures.

On her way out of Casey House, Diana was approached by Pat Bass, whose son had died in the hospice some time before. Pat, who communicates by sign language, presented a bouquet of flowers and with flying hands said something to the princess. Sally Seppa, a Casey House nurse who signs, prepared to translate but Diana passed the bouquet to someone and signed back. She and Pat had a quick, brief conversation and both had a laugh about something. Other visitors were stunned.

The direct impact of Diana's visit to Casey House is impossible to assess. Attitudinal change about AIDS was shifting anyway as people acquired more knowledge, and it may have been coincidental that fundraising for the hospice subsequently became vastly easier. What is not in doubt, however, is what Diana did for the Rose family. The daughter returned to their community to find that the chilling disapproval that had surrounded them due to their father's illness had ended. Neighbors used to hear about the actress seemed to have decided that having a relative in an AIDS hospice was sad, but not shameful.

The largest transformation was in Kenneth Rose. Diana gave him back his dignity. He had been lethargic and longing for death, but the respect she paid him changed that. He became a man with an appetite and the energy to go for walks. In the short time he had left, he looked whole and at peace.

Since Diana's death, Casey House Hospice has been adorned with flowers, with donations of money, with people signing the condolence book provided in the reception area. Those who grieve are making a connection with Diana in a way that makes perfect sense. They are carrying on her work.

There is no doubt that the Princess of Wales had flavor. She could be narcissistic and her judgment in men wasn't the best. But whatever her缺点s they were hilarious, and transparent. The ones that have facilitated recognition immediately and now cannot so deeply bring her longevity, whole-hearted struggle to live a valuable life. She wrote nothing less than to change the world for the better. And perhaps we did. On that lonely stretch of six years ago, she made everyone at a small AIDS hospice in Toronto feel worthwhile. That's quite a gift.

Jean Callwood is a Toronto writer and the founder of Casey House.



The princess at Casey House; people felt worthwhile

A Jet-Setting Don Juan

EDMUND was in the public eye because as a romantic favorite, her sister's death alongside a man she adored captured the public imagination as a mysterious tragedy. In the wake of the Paris auto accident that killed the Princess of Wales and Diana (Dad), Al Fayez, several who knew her race home forward to describe a deep love between the two. Diana's friend Barbara Kay, a journalist with London's Daily Mail newspaper, wrote in the previous issue to her sister-in-law and said she was "blissfully happy" with the Egyptian oil tycoon playboy. She had planned, he said, to withdraw completely from public life this fall in order to bewitch him. Supermodel Cindy Crawford confirmed that the exuberant couple had been staying since last November at the most fashionable yet bizarrely public residence in Paris. Crawford told her own interpretation of the day before the accident: "Dad is a different man. He is better, well loved and care." Al Fayez's cousin, Ghazi Yassine, meanwhile, and Al Fayez had just told him that the two planned to marry

They came the apparent blusher. A Paris jeweller revealed that Al Fayed paid \$80,000 for a stunning diamond ring, which he gave Diana at their final dinner at the Ritz hotel owned by his father. The ring was removed from the crash site, and is now at Diana's London home, Kensington Palace. In the sea of flowers and condolence cards outside the palatial gates, many had not only mourned the princess, but thanked the man who gave her the blushing and support she apparently never got from her ex-husband, Prince Charles.

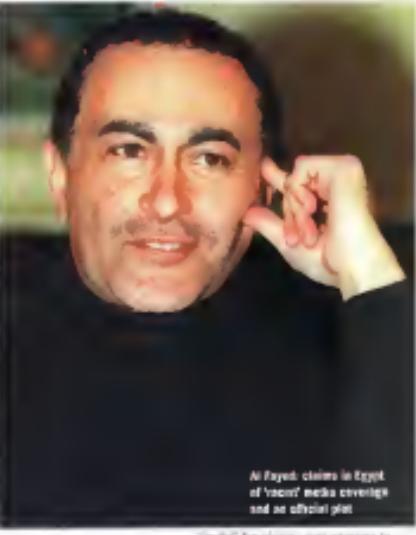
Yet's confined and a culture away, Al Sayyaf's native Egypt, rooted to the depths quickly became entangled in the Muslim world's ambivalent feelings about the Christian West. Egypt—Al Sayyaf was known in his home town—became the site of frenzied media attention last month, after photographs showed him embracing Béatrice, the world's most eligible tomboy, on her family's Mediterranean island of Jouïe-Saint-Cyr, the playground where Bin Laden had once became Egypt's own Don Juan.

Many in the Arab world were proud that the son of colorful Alexandria-born millionaire Muhsen Al Fayed and Samia Khurshagi, late sister of Saudi wheeler-dealer Adnan Khurshagi, might one day be stepfather to a British king. Perhaps, they hoped, he would even convert to Dodi Al Fayed's religion.

The fatal Aug 30 crash did more than give a grievous blow to a small, traditional Muslim funeral at Al Fayed's home was held that same evening at the Central London mosque in Regent's Park. He was buried at Brookwood cemetery, 40 km southwest of London. In Egypt, public grief was in a widespread belief that the couple was murdered by anti-Islam forces who were killed. Suu Kyi urged revenge: "The British must answer for what happened to [Khalid] and Karim." Cairo went into mourning as the required three days of national哀悼 (mourning) they could not let the number of the future long remain a mystery.

a ambitious father Mohamed, an established angiologist who taught London's prestigious Harley Street in 1962, but continues to feel scorned by the British upper crust. "These people still won't accept a foreigner like me," he complained to Murdoch last spring. The elder Mr Fayet has given a vast sum to Spanish charities and even passed the world's oldest cultural relic sale, and the Paris sessions of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor's son. As old friend of Dodi's late father, Earl Spencer, he introduced Dodi to Diana 11 years ago at a polo match where his wife was playing against that of Prince Charles.

But none of this was enough to secure his British citizenship after a 1986 government report on the Harrods takeover and his claim of vast family wealth were "skeptical" and that his two brothers had convinced experts that they were worth billions more than they had. Mr Fayet's true source of income was believed to come from representing the nation of Bahrain and Saudi financial interests.



Ali Fayez: claims he Egypt
and 'recent' media coverage
had no official plan

Dodi stirred passions in life and death

and) Undeterred, Al Paynter began channelling money to British MPs whom he apparently knew, creating a "coal-face-question" nameplate that helped sink John Major's Conservative government at last May's election. That merely added to the disdain in which the British upper class seems to hold Langley: "He's not a player in the City at all," says Cheshire Langley, an ex-wife of a London banking tycoon. "He owns a stable and a hotel and a few other bubbles. Yes, he's money, but it's not real power."

Recently, Al Fayez had come to believe that Diana and his son were made for each other, says London Gazetteer columnist Stephen Glover: "Like me, she has been plagued by the past," Al Fayez told Glover. He may well have been right about some of the bonds uniting the couple. Like Diana, Al Fayez also grew up in a wealthy, broken home; his parents separating within two years of his birth on April 15, 1959. He attended elite schools in Egypt and Switzerland and spent two years at a British military academy. "Emad knew very well his future lay in the West," says former classmate Adel Salakat. He was given

Al Fayed never quite got over his mother's death two months ago, but he married model Stéphanie Gergard on an emotional rebound. The marriage lasted just eight months, but Gergard has only kind words for her son Al. Fayed began to enjoy the life of night-club gigolo. He embraced Hollywood, investing in films such as *The Oscar-Winning Quartet of Five*. *ABC: The World According to Gary* and *Rock*. He also earned a reputation for debauchery on bills, rent and wages, the subjects of at least 10 lawsuits, according to *Time*.

Interior critics, his character was indefinitely stalled by the Paris legal system. "Dodi Al Fayed was by most accounts a courteous and warm-hearted playboy, but a playboy nonetheless," says columnist Glacier Ulsterman. "He should be added, Al Fayed may be found to have been at fault for letting a chauffeur drive a car more than 100 m.p.h. through the centre of Paris. It was a wholly irresponsible act."

But to his son, Al Fayed was an aging senior who used his yachts and helicopters both to pursue Diana and shield her from the prying press. He doled out her smiley face. During their recent Bretons vacation he even rented a *Saint Tropez* char for two days so the prince, Princess William and Harry could have a night of their own, unobserved. Last week, the Al Fayed family spokesman said Dodi had inscribed a small photograph of her in her writing book under Diana's pillow in an Paris apartment. Soon after, has given her cufflinks that belonged to her father, and a gold chain engraved, "With love from Diana." And the outpouring of grief, misery in Britain was soon comforted by the thought that, flawed or not, Al Fayed may finally have been Diana's Prince Charming.

**NON-UNIFORM BROAD NOOKY in Cirey and
BAILEY R. SMITH and FRIDA AGANICK in London**



Branson at Angels, giving the
listings 'a whole new look'

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The unies campaign had already been taking hold, said Lincoln, but Diana's trip to Angola was a turning point. British Labour government, elected at May's general election to support behind the Chinese People's Republic and the Clinton administration agreed in late August to send representatives to Geneva. The American delegation has indicated that the United States will not sign the treaty unless it removes South Korea, where US forces have been based thousands of miles from the demarcation line separating South and North Korea. Canadian and other officials acknowledge that there will be tough negotiations before the gathering ends on Sept. 19. And whatever document emerges will not apply to Russia, China and India, which refused to participate in the negotiations. But foreign ministers say they are satisfied with how much progress has been made. Preparing a key report, one diplomatic source has suggested that the treaty be signed after the Prince of Wales' visit.

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Diana's Tragic Choices

BY BARBARA AMIEL

My acquaintance with Diana, Princess of Wales, was not intimate. I didn't belong to that circle of close friends who giggled over long lunches or shopped with her in Paris, or took her desperately worried telephone calls. I did share a few quiet evenings with her. And this past summer, she came to our house for dinner.

I gathered over whom is not beside her. I'd seen her at dinner so many times, placed next to the grand and great, working to keep the conversation going. I sensed she acted for some fun, and for Diana that meant joke chats just not too much to say. They ought to have been independent means, though, because she was high maintenance, and even her \$80,000-a-week divorce settlement wasn't going to be enough for all the clothes, houses, staff, holidays and jewels she wanted. This, after all, was a woman who had to get a private jet for her divorce settlement.

Finally, I came up with a devastatingly good-looking Italian, the CEO of one of Italy's largest companies and arguably Europe's most eligible bachelor. My other choice was a wicked French aristocrat, quite the most devilish man I knew, but not necessarily terrible. When the Princess of Wales arrived, she easily sized up my seating plan: "He's said to be next to me to take over Fiat," I told her when she saw the Italian name. "Got it," she said. "My hot date for the night." Her amenities went entirely to the ineligible Frenchman. The Italian got ignored.

I mention this because it tells a little about why she died. The Princess of Wales had quirks, though judgment when it came to both male companions and her lifestyle. Evita Al Fayed, her companion in the terrible crash that killed them both, is used to having been a nice man, but she was also a Mediterrean soap opera playboy. Such people are all sorts of jaded. While male page editors are associated with "playboy" or "petticoat," they rarely include "poor dear" or "dowdyhead." The driver of the car that killed Diana appears to have been drunk and driving at the speed normally associated with the landing of a jet plane. A prudent escort would never have allowed that to happen.

But Diana was hungry for love and luxury, and intellectually she was a bit like a blank sheet of paper. Had her marriage to Prince Charles been a happy one, his interests might well have become her interests. But he was not happy and Diana would not play by royal rules. The sing-song may have come from an attempt to keep the king-like dad she had not been automatically bound to, clinging to the hand reddit of royalty. Charles was not the first prince to have been unfulfilled, but Diana was the first female consort who publicly declined to tolerate the situation.

She rejected all the virtues of the Royal Family as well—their stiff upper lip, their reticence, their dignity in the face of humiliation. At the same time, she kept all their received as self-evident unquestioned. And so, the inevitable happened. The Royal Fam-

She had a magic touch, but not with men



A startling beauty, powerful good qualities

ily declined to make their own mark as the new duchess-in-law, and the sheet of white paper that was Diana gradually filled up with the spirit of the times rather than the spirit of the royals. She became a New Age princess who along with all the many good and wonderful qualities she had, worshipped instant gratification, treaty platitudes and public confessions. She behaved like a daytime TV princess and the show called "reflections" and "modern," while the masses saw themselves in karaoke and divas.

Her good qualities were powerful. Her beauty was even more startling live than in photographs. In person, unlike in her earnest public appearances, she was quick-witted and funny/she worked constantly at building up an alternative court to the Queen's, and she did so with spectacular success. Diana understood the people's love of a fairy tale, and her fairy-tale princess was accessible, never locked behind castle walls.

For better or worse, Diana had the lead of personality that relieved constant feedback. And when you add to it her basic with the House of Windsor, as well as the tragic, saddening deaths of someone who seemed to have everything going for her (a la James Dean or John Kennedy), the result is an outpouring of grief that rapidly can turn into mass hysteria. Once mass hysteria strikes, no class of society is exempt: from the rich, poor, plebeians or aristocrats.

In a tragedy such hysteria normally seeks a scapegoat. First, it focused on the driver. The drunk driver suspicion much of that anger. Now, because of Diana's faults and the Royal Family's implication with such pettiness (as in the removal of her life ISHI), the target of anger is the House of Windsor. If only they had looked after her, the living seems to be, she wouldn't have been out unprotected in Paris on a Saturday night.

Even those who knew her flaws will miss her like blues. She brought magic into many miserable and hapless lives. There is someone in Britain who can match her plenitude. She brightened up the dark Victorian hospitals she visited and spoke standard as the final hands of the AIDS victims she embraced. Any function she attended, whether in Britain or Belgium, was the place to be.

The time is not yet ripe for a sober evaluation of her life as an examination of all the choices that led up to her death. Good taste and compassion demand a period of mourning and grief both for her and her two children. All we should guard against is letting her legacy cause additional damage to a free society by becoming the beginning for draconian regulations that would be totally unprofiled by the facts of her death.

The mystery of the Princess of Wales is that even though one knew of all her weaknesses, her presence could sweep all doubts away. This woman, balancing on a tightrope high above us, having out of control in her private life, was commanding. When Elton John sang "Goodbye, Goodbye" at the service, I knew that I will try not to cry but I will. Goodbye. Your Royal Highness. Goodbye, Diana.

By Barbara Amiel. Story from *Entertainment Weekly*, November 1997.

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Labor's rising tide

As the economy improves, unions demand their share

BY JENNIFER WELLS

Darrell Tingley, president of the Canadian Union of Postal Workers, was on the third-floor Bank Street office of Ontario when he took a call from Bob Hargrave, president of the Canadian Auto Workers union. Hargrave wanted to extend congratulations, says Tingley, for "making that fight use of the lights at the table. If it has caught the fancy of the lawmakers, it will catch the fancy of the paper workers, it will catch the fancy of the steelworkers. I think the United Parcel Service strike [last started that]."

Hargrave then put his money where his mouth is, faxing a letter offering CUPW a loan of \$5 million of CAW money, and more to follow if necessary. Hargrave referred to the cash as "a token of our solidarity."

The fight Tingley is referring to is the battle over part-time workmen—more precisely, turning part-time workers into full-time workers.

The 185,000-Toronto-based UPS, which struck for 15 days last month, won a major victory in the conversion of 16,000 jobs from part-time to full-time over a three-year period. "I think that caught the imagination of the public," says Tingley. "There are no part-time marriages. There are no part-time loan payments."

For CUPW, the conversion of 1,500 of its 17,000 part-timers is key to current contract talks with Canada Post Corp. The Crown corporation, says Tingley, "has been unwilling to negotiate in any serious manner" on this and other issues. If the post office does not budge, he says, "we'll be out of the process and we'll be looking for our right to strike in about three weeks time."

Should the CUPW workers strike, they will be going with, rather than against, the law. "Labor unions appear to be on the rise," a recent

Statistics Canada study on the country's trade union movement concluded. "Following a prolonged 'walking off' period," the report noted, "3.3 million person-days were lost to strikes or lockouts in 1996, twice as many as in the previous year. The strength in the economy, rising corporate profits and the shifting sentiment away from deficit reduction and towards worker rewards have hardened the country's unions, and the 3.6 million workers they represent, against the policy goals of the early 1980s. 'The times they are a-changin,'" says Tom Hesse, assistant to the western Canadian director for the United Food and Commercial Workers.

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BUSINESS

Safety and UPS employees does not necessarily translate into support for unions as such, says University of Calif. labor economist Chris Rose. "In general, people feel lower wage earners should be getting more," he says. "We have gone through a very long period with no real wage gains and we are in a housing economy."

Ken Gengel, president of the B.C. Federation of Labour, says that workers' pent-up expectations to share the wealth have put a harder edge on labor demands. "The mood among workers is 'tense,'" he says. "Our mood is going to be 'Show us the money.' Georgette says she expects her gains to be easily won. "Our people are saying it's now fair for our shareholders. But [the companies] are not saying, 'We made mistakes so now we're going to give it to you.' They're going to make us fight for it."

The wage gains won by the Teamsters at UPS—a 30-per-cent increase over five years for part-time workers, and 16 per cent over the same period for full-timers—were eye-catching in the conversion of part-time jobs. "That's a significant amount of cash," says CUPW's Dayley. "Corporations have never been healthier [in this case] than the workers want to share in that. There'll be no race rhythms to locking for a decent raise."

U.S. employers have been getting that message loud and clear. In a June cover story, *National Business*, published in Washington by the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, sounded a warning that "Big Labor" is back. Union activism is on the increase, and the story, in large measure due to the efforts of John Sweeney, president of the AFL-CIO, and his \$6-billion budget, aimed at increasing both the political clout and the membership muscle of the federation. The more press confronted business to be on the alert, as a more organized workplace could push up wages and benefit costs, which in turn could cut into profit dividends and stock values. "In a front-page article last week, *The New York Times* said that Sweeney's efforts at revitalization, combined with the UPS settlement, put the labor movement "in its strongest position in nearly a generation."

But there remain huge discrepancies between the U.S. and Canadian labor markets. With unemployment at nine per cent, compared with less than three per cent in the United States, Canadian workers are still struggling with the job insecurity that heralded the last recession. Wage settlements have risen, collective bargaining agreements averaged 3.7 per cent in the first half of this year, compared with 0.9 per cent in each of 1993 and 1998. But the labor market in Canada is not as tightly squared as in the United States, where shortages of workers in some industries have helped bid wages up.

And, adds Aeon Gampel, deputy chief economist at ScotiaBank in Toronto, the UPS example has unique characteristics. "UPS may not be a believe-it" he says, citing the company's huge market share, to say nothing of the recognizable clout of the mighty Teamsters. Companies continue Gampel can raise prices if they hope to remain competitive, and can't pass on higher costs to consumers. That puts the focus on increasing productivity and cost savings—either that has done

There are many examples of unions clawing back less than similar ve-



Garbage piling up in Vancouver: strike negotiations were late any day now, so the union walked off the job.

ories. Last month, workers at Tim Hortons' Overwater Foods in permited chaos at British Columbia has ratified an agreement that introduced a two-tier pay structure with lower wages for new part-time hires. In Vancouver, 1,300 outside-municipal workers remain on strike after rejecting the city's offer of a 1 per cent increase in the first year and one per cent in each of the following two years. The workers are asking for two per cent in the contract's third year. "We have fallen behind the consumer price index, and we're way behind private-sector increases," says Diane Corlett, chief negotiator for the Canadian Union of Public Employees, which represents the strikers. Mainly, the says, have been holding to taxpayers about their ability to hold firm for wage settlements to below inflation.

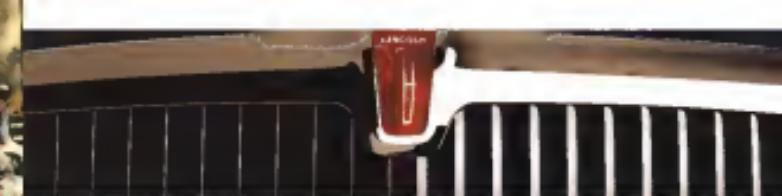
Gert Wilson, president of the Ontario Federation of Labour, hopes



that such appeals to taxpayers are starting to wear thin. "People want to see something that's fair," he says, reflecting on what he believes is the changing psyche of his home province. "We're still getting just relief, and we have been for the past 15 years," he says. "But we're starting now to show signs of working out of it."

Wilson is currently leading the fight against the Conservative government of Prime Minister Mike Harris over its controversial Bill 103 legislation, which would place a temporary ban on civil service strikes. "People are beginning to put credibility to the institution of the trade union movement as one of the factors in society that helps to level out the disparity," he says. "There is something different happening here." It's not American-style, he says. Or at least not yet. "In the United States they're starting to invent a wage. We're just starting to develop a bit of a wage."

RON DALE ELLIS/CP in Calgary and CHRIS WOOD in Vancouver



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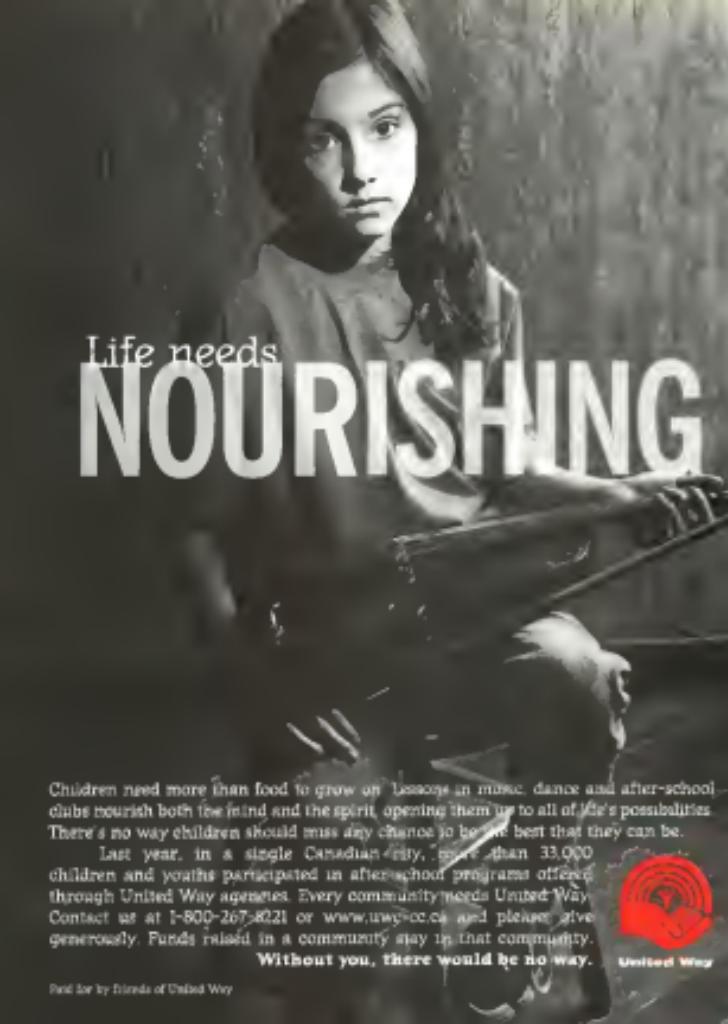
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The Bottom Line

Is the business cycle dead?

In the classic 1972 film *The Godfather*, there is a scene in which Michael Corleone expresses worries about his bloodshed that will inevitably follow his decision to avenge an attack on his father. His seasoned adviser, a trusted but man named Clemenza, shrugs. "It has to happen every few years or so anyway," the hit man says. "It's just part of the bad blood."

Until recently, a similar attitude had prevailed in the slightly less sinister circle of economic theory. For decades, it was conventional wisdom that finance follows fad and that every period of prosperity must culminate in a bout of bloodletting. In the current upswing, however, a new theory has gained ground. According to a growing number of big thinkers, profound changes in technology, finance, political ideology and employment—as well as the globalization of consumption and production—have converged to produce the death of the business cycle.

Historically, the cycle has had four distinct phases: a period of expansion, then comes stability, often accompanied by capital market volatility, inflation and rising interest rates. That is followed by recession and, eventually, recovery. Proponents of the new theory argue that deregulation and the trend towards a service-based economy have smoothed these peaks and valleys. Information technology and global markets are key to this new era of stable, sustained growth.

On the surface, at least, it's a compelling argument. The perpetual evolution of advanced technology reduces the cost and raises the quality of information available to businesses of all sizes. At the same time, the development of financial derivative products helps to manage and contain capital market risks. For example, companies that produce or consume non-ferrous commodities such as gold, oil or base metals recently hedge their risks by locking in future contracts at fixed price. The regulation of real-estate capital markets has also reduced risk,

money can be borrowed from a growing array of sources so that companies and countries are no longer dependent on one source of capital.

Free trade, lower transportation costs and strengthened emerging markets can also play a role in squelching the cycle. Not only is there untapped consumer demand for everything from refrigerators to satellite systems, there is also enhanced flexibility in the production side. Companies and consumers can easily locate wherever they can may locate competitive advantage. The increased use of part-time workers has further contributed to flexibility and lower fixed costs.

But as with any theory, flaws become apparent when it is superimposed on reality. And the catch with this particular theory is the stock market, where pent-up fear and greed result in the driving force.

The stock market tends to be immune to all theory because it is the supremely unscientific reflection of human nature and collective perceptions. And this human

nature to cling to lessons of the past, long after they may have become irrelevant. For example, although there is little evidence of inflation in the North American economy, investors continue to trust, viscerally, to an perceived threat of such a negative indicator. After all, extended periods of growth have historically resulted in inflation, higher interest rates and weakened equity markets.

More than ever before, the stock market has been integrated into economies. Yet it no longer exists as a parallel universe because so many individuals have invested so much in it through mutual and pension funds. Their views on the health of the economy dictate where billions of dollars are allocated and, increasingly, how corporations are managed. As well as influencing consumer confidence, the stock market helps to fund new businesses ventures and create jobs.

The more turbulent characteristics of the business cycle may have been subdued. But in the end, financial markets—and human nature—thrive on turmoil and, occasionally, bloodshed.

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Business NOTES

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is suffering from Alzheimer's.



Alzheimer

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NICHOL LEAVES COTT

Salt-drink maker Cott Corp. is shifting down the money-hunting international food group created by retooling Versus Cott. Michel Cott said it had set aside \$5 million to cover the costs of discontinuing its DeliChoice Products International division. Nichol now is president in the creator of the President's Choice brand for the Lethbridge supermarket chain.

OLYPATCH DEAL

Chancery Resources Ltd. of Calgary agreed to sell its Canadian and Argentine assets to Dallas-based Pioneer Natural Resources Co. for \$1.3 billion. Chancery will hold on to its Alton oil operations and remain a partner in a proposed \$3.7-billion natural gas pipeline project.

SORRY, WRONG NUMBER

The CRTC is investigating the price phone companies charge for unlimited numbers. The cost now is as high as \$50, plus \$4.45 a month. Lower rates for unlimited lines are essential to preserve privacy, the CRTC said.

NURSING HOME EMPIRE

Paul Reischman and his son Barry boosted their stake in Canada's nursing home industry by acquiring Versacare Ltd. of Cambridge, Ont., for \$53 million. The deal makes CFL Long Term Care Real Estate Investment Trust, which is controlled by the Reischmans and Toronto businesswoman Lawrence Rosalig, Canada's second-largest operator of nursing homes.

KEEP ON TRUCKING

Paccar Inc. will spend \$77.5 million to expand and reopen its heavy-truck assembly plant in Ste-Marthe, Que. One U.S. firm closed the plant last year after a nine-month strike. Ottawa and Quebec will provide another \$60.3 million in the form of grants and low-interest loans.

MARK'S REJECTS OFFER

Mark's Work Wearhouse Ltd. rejected a \$104-million takeover offer from Ecko Ltd. of Toronto, while announcing that it has reached a securities firm to provide advice on a possible sale of the firm. The Calgary-based clothing chain reported record pretax profits of \$6.7 million on revenues of \$394 million in 1995 and says its sales are up substantially for the first two years.

OECD head defends treaty

Canadians have nothing to fear from a proposed international treaty opening the way for more foreign investment, says the head of the Paris-based Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development. Don Johnston, a former federal Liberal cabinet minister under Pierre Trudeau, said the Multilateral Agreement on Investment will help developing nations and protect Canadian investors abroad. "You have to create conditions that will attract capital," Johnston said. "We do that, you have to have an MAI."

Nonaligned groups such as the Council of Canadians say the agreement—now being negotiated in secret by the OECD's 29 member countries—will weaken Canada's culture and economy by making it impossible for governments to favor domestic companies in loan programs or white Crown corporations are privatized. Johnston, however, said signa-

ture countries will be able to exempt cultural activities such as publishing and broadcasting from the MAI. He added that there will be time to debate the deal publicly when it goes to Parliament for ratification next year.

tioned in keeping the airline. Despite a record summer, the discount carrier would have needed financial help to survive the typically slow winter season, said Greyhound's president, Dick Hansen. The airline is selling "farewell fares" as low as \$179 for return trips between Vancouver and Winnipeg and \$219 between Vancouver and Toronto. One analyst predicted the gap left by Greyhound will be filled by another airline, but not until next summer's tourist season.

FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

The number of job losses in Canada rose in August for the sixth consecutive month, evidence of the sluggish economy. But the unemployment rate held steady at 10.1 per cent because of an equally strong increase in the number of job seekers. Most of the 54,500 new positions were in Ontario and Alberta.

The increase in employment should bolster demand for housing, cars and other big-ticket items. Canada Mortgage and Housing Corp. expects new home construction to increase 20

per cent this year over 1995 and another seven per cent in 1998. Despite the improving economy, CMHC in its fall Business Outlook forecast a 1.5 per cent rise in real per cent for the year over 1995.

—Lorraine Bracco

Overtime hours have shot up and the help-wanted index is firm. All signs suggest there are probably going to be more road miles than bad prospects for employment.

—Ralph Klock



"Evidence that residential construction is on a tear and reports that auto dealers are having a tough time meeting demand add credence to the view that the economy is on an self-sustaining expansion path."

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Personal Finance

To lease or to buy?



Showcase: shopping tougher consumer leasing laws may be just around the corner

David Irving loves wheeling around New Brunswick in his shiny, green 1986 Ford Taurus station wagon. And come November, he will enjoy his travels even more in a spiffier new 1988 Taurus. Leasing allows the Fredericton-based financial planner the luxury of driving a must-own automobile every two years. "It's pretty nice to have a broad-new car," he says. Still, leasing is often not the best deal on four wheels. While Irving has no regrets about his \$500-a-month agreement, the thicket of figures and fine print in most leasing contracts has left many a shopper confused and considerably poorer. "Leasing is a jungle," says Montreal-based consumer advocate Phil Edmonson, author of the *Consumer's Guide to Car Prices*. "There's a lot of horror stories."

Unfortunately, for many Canadians, the cost of keeping a new vehicle these days can soon-even more frightening. The average manufacturer's final price of a car or light truck is now \$21,000,

compared with \$18,000 in 1982. One result is that consumers are leasing in droves, lured by the promise of lower monthly payments, but the apparent bargain is often illusory: many cost-conscious shoppers actually end up paying more than if they had bought the car in the first place. "Leasing is a hobby as for dealers," says Makoto Iwuchima, regional director at Toronto's Canadian-based Automobile Protection Association.

The main reason is that, in negotiating a lease, consumers typically focus only on the down payment and monthly payments, ignoring other factors that can add thousands of dollars to the dealer's profit. For example, a shopper who intends to buy a car normally tries to negotiate the lowest possible price, but many lease agreements are based on the manufacturer's full suggested list price. In addition, the interest rates that apply to leases are sometimes higher than those available on bank loans.

Quebec and British Columbia are the only provinces with laws re-

WHEEL DEALS

Percentage of new cars and light trucks that are leased rather than purchased



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quiring full disclosure on leasing agreements. B.C. dealers must state the vehicle's list price, the price on which the lease is calculated and the annual interest rate. The contract must also include the total cost of the lease, the car's purchase price at the end of the agreement, the "residual value" of the vehicle, and information on the customer's maintenance and service responsibilities. In addition, consumers are guaranteed a 24-hour "cooling-off period" during which they can cancel any leasing contract.

In the rest of Canada, auto leasing is largely unregulated. Responding recently to pressure from consumer groups and Canada's business industry, which is fighting for the right to enter the car-leasing business, most major car makers independently introduced so-called full-disclosure leasing contracts. For now, however, the system remains voluntary. "Effectively, a consumer in Nova Scotia gets the same treatment as someone in B.C.," says Haw Williams, spokesman for the Canadian Automobile Dealers Association in Ottawa.

The APAs Beauchamps disagrees. He says his association has conducted several undercover investigations, which found that most auto dealers still neglect to give their customers all the information necessary to determine whether they are getting a good deal. "It's quite startling," says Beauchamps. "Nearly 90 per cent of the time, you do not get the straight goods."

That said, leasing can make sense in some cases. Generally, if the price of the car is low and the interest rate is low, consumers are almost guaranteed a good deal. Beauchamps says people can sometimes negotiate a better deal if they first express an interest in buying and then, after haggling down the price, ask the dealer to work on a lease based on the lower amount. He also advises paying attention to any additional charges such as administrative fees, which may be negotiable.

Consumers should also beware of any mileage restrictions. Some leasing contracts allow for as little as 15,000 free kilometers a year, after which the driver can be charged an extra 10 cents a kilometer. "If you get a lot of miles on average, you could pay through the nose," says Beauchamps. As well, most leases demand that the car be regularly maintained and returned in good condition or the vehicle gets dinged, your wallet gets dinged," Beauchamps says.

The good news for consumers is that stronger leasing laws may be put around the corner. Last year, Ottawa and the provinces agreed to work towards the adoption of a single method for presenting the costs of car leasing. Legislation is expected to be in place in all provinces by the fall of 1998, allowing shoppers to readily compare the cost of leasing and buying a vehicle. Having that information would help consumers avoid being taken for a ride.

JOHN SCRIFFIELD

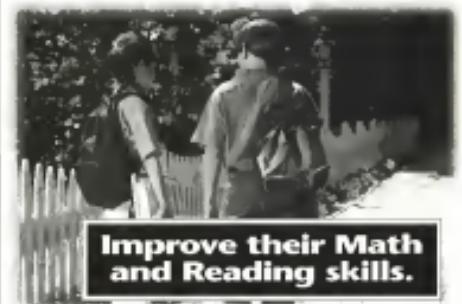


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MICHAEL'S/SEPTEMBER 15, 1997 65



Peter C. Newman

A short life that defined a new era

Watching the funeral of Diana, Princess of Wales, I was reminded of a passage by John Masefield, one of England's greatest poet laureates, in which he describes the attack fleet of the Royal Navy leaving Madras, on the Greek island of Lemnos. The mighty battle of warships was bound for the dramatic invasion of the Turkish seaport of Gallipoli, a defining moment of the First World War: "They left the harbour very, very slowly, the tumult of the people's cheering lasted a long long time," he wrote. "No one who heard it will ever forget. And those who were left behind in Madras trembled their longings knowing that they had been for a lifetime brought near to the heart of things." Diana's funeral had that kind of momentousness about it, we watched, knowing that what we were seeing was history in the making, and that this moment would never come again. It was personal grief we felt, not the cloying indifference that most Canadians display for the royals during their stately Canadian tours.

This was the brief, dignified woman who had survived heavy psychological abuse by her callous husband, and had triumphed over all the odds. She had also fought for such worthy causes as the destruction of land mines, thus turning the publicity she generated to good use. She was the role model that the lesser members of the House of Windsor might have envied—if they possessed the brains or guts to pursue it. The many photographs individual since the ascension of the cameras, the Princess of Wales was mourned not as some cold, distant apparition on official platforms, but as a sprightly presence with joie and charm to burn, who refused to become the sacrificial virgin that the Royal Family insisted on recruiting for Charles.

Apart from his unwillingness to make his marriage work, the sometimes goofy prince's greatest failing as heir to the British throne is that he understands nothing about maintaining the monarch's royal mystique. In the past, at least, he never stopped thinking, whether it was about his sexual adventures when he was in the Royal Navy, or his sexual foibles with his longtime mistress, Camilla Parker Bowles. "Many a thing will fly to tell him," the British royal watcher, John Harwood, pointed out. "Many a thing is going to understand: How do you get him to stop? And there is any care over that of himself and his grapes?" How can a man with such huge cars bear so very little? A good example of Charles's maladroitness was his presumption that modern architecture had done more damage to London's skyline than the Luftwaffe during the Second World War, "asked Balfour. "How many children have London architects burned alive?"

Charles deserves most of the credit for his often inappropriate be-

havior, but he shouldn't bear the brunt of the blame for behaving like an emotional cripple. I clearly recall seeing a documentary on the Royal Guard that showed a young Elizabeth II arriving home after a lengthy tour abroad. There was the six-year-old Prince of Wales excited to see her that he was literally jumping up and down in glee. Yet the Queen welcomed her pint-sized boy by solemnly shaking his hand. It takes several lifetimes to survive such an upbringing.

Diana had obviously read the situation correctly and decided that divorce was essential to her survival. She understood that her power flowed not from royal titles or her marriage to the future king, but from her personal popularity, and that this was transferable to real life outside the palace.

It's this connection with reality—Diana's decision to opt out of the essentially phony business of being a royal—that I regret so many has when she was alive, and the reason her funeral attracted such overwhelming throngs of mourners. She had reached into our psyches and allowed us to vicariously enjoy her remarkable humanity, her sense of mischief and her magic presence.

To know an icon is a dreadfully perishable understanding. It's a terrible truth that the price of glorification is questionable status quo to die young. Certainly that has been true for most Canadian heroes. The courageous runner Terry Fox who died in mid-journey at 22; Dr Norman Bethune, the medical missionary who sacrificed his health in his 40s helping the Chinese Communist Revolution; or Tom Thomson, the great nature painter who drowned when he was 39, at the height of his career. Diana, Princess of Wales, joins that latter company, but her posthumous glory will not save the British monarchy.

The passing of Diana leaves the Queen presiding over a house of horrors that makes the Addams family values seem refreshing by comparison. One assumes Her Majesty rolling out of her cramped bed each morning, shrill in alarm on the telephone to the BBC, might be detailing the tragic double set a family member has committed with yet another fugitive from the gene pool. Only the Queen Mother, at 97, still seems emotionally alive and kicking.

Canada's connection with British royalty has always been more spiritual than constitutional. For centuries, the British monarchy was an essential, touchstone for Canadians: the ultimate expression of how to live well and remain a symbol of what to believe in. That ancestral bond relied on a delicate balance of reciprocal affections that has now been shattered.

With the Princess of Wales dead and buried, we are no longer enthralled by the royals. Canadians have demanded nothing of the British monarchy except to keep the fact. Diana's funeral cost all that. It's time for Canada to ditch that abiding fondly of pressurized monarchies, still pretending to reign over us.

She had reached into our psyches and allowed us to vicariously enjoy her humanity, her wit and her magic presence.



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TAKETHEBRIGHTSIDEOFtheroad

The charity industry

Critics call for tighter control of the billions raised or good works

SPECIAL REPORT

BY RAE CORLETT

Dinner is on the table and the phone rings. "Good evening," says a cheery voice, "and how are you this evening?" "Um... sorry, what do you want? What the other wants is money—'Can we count on you for \$100? No? Fifty?'—or social snarmlines, wheelchair basketball players, homeless teenagers or sports companies. Across Canada, multiplying regiments of volunteers and paid agents are aggressively hitting the phones, ringing doorbells and using direct mail to pry open the public wallet on behalf of an ever-widening array of charities. (These days, it is not uncommon for charities to call back, and sometimes more than once, after being turned down.) Already extracting more than 70,000 organizations, the charity sector makes a lot of cash and mostly tax-free \$80 billion plus every year, making charity a bigger business than agriculture or the automobile industry. And while most charities are legitimate and well run, some have been accused of indiscriminately ringing from waste to outright fraud. "There are problems all over the place," says a Revenue Canada official. "There's always a rotten apple in the barrel."

One explanation behind the million-dollar search for money is that many charities are trying to provide social services discontinued by budget-slashing governments. At the same time, the void left by these cutbacks has led to the creation of more and more charities—5,000 new ones in the past three years. It has heightened competition for the donor's dollar and made unscrupulous operators harder to spot. As a result, critics say Canada should follow the lead of Brazil and raise U.S. states by enacting tough new laws to regulate charities and make them more accountable for how they spend their money.

And there are a lot of charities. In a 600-page, two-volume review made public in early June, the Ontario Law Reform Commission, favoring the creation of a government body to police the province's charities, said the existing law, rooted in the 18th century, is "inadequate, badly conceived and outdated." The Revenue Canada official, who requested anonymity, said Ontario, Alberta and British Columbia try to keep an eye on charities, but in the other provinces "charities supervision is almost non-existent." In its 1992 report to Parliament, the auditor general and Revenue Canada's ire were so loose that charities that can't show it could avoid a penalty simply by creating a new charity and moving their money into it.

Ayreon can act as a charity and ask the public for money. The provinces insist that all the money collected—whether direct blocks for benefits or plastic jars on convenience-store counters—must be spent on charity, rather than reasonable expenses, but enforcement across the country ranges from weak to nonexistent. If the charity wants to encourage generosity by offering recognition for which the donor gets a tax credit, it must apply to Revenue Canada for registration. Ontario's rules are less, the principal rule requires registered charities to spend 80 per cent of tax-exempted donations on charitable works. As far as Revenue Canada is concerned, what they do with non-registered donations—or any other income, including billions in government grants—is up to them.

There are numerous examples of how easily charitable funds can be either misappropriated or plagiarized. In 1990,

Toronto social activist and fund-raiser Patricia Starr was convicted of criminal breach of trust when tens of thousands of dollars she was responsible for an behalf of the National Council of Jewish Women, a charity, wound up financing the campaign of Ontario politician. One national charity allows volunteers to use all funds on weekends and doesn't "dollar for the gas. In 1995, a British Columbia forensic auditor's report disclosed that \$60,000 in charity funds raised by the National Commonwealth Health Society had been used to pay the expenses of provincial NDP deputies to a Winnipeg convention.

The harshest indictment of the existing safeguards has come from Ontario Liberal MP John Bryden. Last October, Bryden—a former Toronto Star financial writer—presented the Commons finance committee with a scathing 30-page report urging drastic reform of the charity field. "Very clearly" he says, "there is a lot of maximize meat and abuse." Not so, the charities have angrily fired back, claiming they are already well-supervised by their



valuator boards of directors. Chad Hanna, executive director of the Muscular Dystrophy Association of Canada, says charities have always prided responsibility "because we want people to understand what we do." And Patrick Jochum, president of the Toronto-based Canadian Centre for Philanthropy, which acts as a clearinghouse for 600 member agencies, 16 per cent of them registered charities, quaffs with the application of critics like Bryden that the whole field "is full of people on the take."

The areas where this has taken place represent a huge chunk of the Canadian economy. A 2003 study by Johnson's centre estimated that the nation's charities had less than about \$110 billion and employed 1.3 million people—12 per cent of the entire workforce. This year, charities, foundations, individual and corporate donations and government grants will rise to nearly twice the combined revenues of manufacturing giant Northern Telecom Ltd., IBM Canada and Alcan Aluminum Ltd. As long ago as 1990, the auditor general calculated that tax-exempt charitable donations—which are dwarfed by the provincial and federal grants bequests and investment income that charities get—had passed \$30 billion a year, which represented a loss to the federal treasury of \$800 million.

For Canada's charities, collecting money is an expensive business. Of the \$98 million collected by 20 selected health charities in 1985-1986, more than \$20 million went to salaries and administration. Fundraising costs exceeded \$61 million and the organizations claimed to have spent just under \$6 million on charitable activities. The groups also boasted the year with more than \$25 million in the bank. Most of them say much of the banked surplus has been committed to future research or other programs.

There are charities that champion services, arts, Christians, trade unions, foreign aid, women and children, the fight against pollution, poverty, smoking, and advocacy from prisoners to schizophrenia. The Canadian Cancer Society of Canada and the Canadian Association of Directors of Orphanages in India, Ottawa's National Arts Centre, the Victorian Order of Nurses and the Harbordown Volunteer Fire Department of Galtborough County, NS. What is less commonly known is that the sector also includes such respected institutions as universities, hospitals, museums and places of worship.

But over the entire sector, says Leyden, "billions of dollars are being misappropriated and we won't solve the problem until we write legislation with real teeth." Meanwhile, an Ontario government charities handbook suggests that the public should be cautious. The "relatively small number of unscrupulous individuals who abuse the public's confidence," it says, "should make all of us vigilant."

The wealthiest charities are those with the latest government grants, mostly hospitals and universities. But in 1986, the bring-a-garment Canadian Red Cross got two-thirds of its \$230 million in revenue from the public treasury. The smallest char-



media IMP Broyden.
communications of
July, 1941.

new mom-and-pop ventures like the *Neurodiversity Society* of America, based in Whirly, which raised \$46,000 to help victims of the Central New Mexico desert. Then there are hundreds—perhaps thousands—of organizations whose entitlement to charity status is less obvious—like the Canadian Society for the Study of Narcs, James DeMol's Fest Guard and the American Civil War Reenactment Society “Not everyone,” says Beynon, is committed to enriching “the qualities of another country.”

fat U.S. salaries lead to

the day-to-day supervision of charities, including what they do with money, is the responsibility of the provinces. Yet Ontario, with among the best surveillance procedures in the country, has only people at the office of the public trustee to monitor more than 600 charities. The trustee's role is to make sure that money doled out to charities ends up as where it is supposed to, but he is often called in to look into cases that someone complains "We didn't hear about." Deputy public trustee Jim Cawley: "We do a good job with the money we have, but if we had better tools we could do a better job."

the United States and England, the tools are better—and

at U.S. charity
salaries can
lead to fines

John Maryland, for example, has a will-donor fee for complaints about charities. In New Hampshire, charities that fail to file tax statements on time can be fined up to \$10,000. And in Connecticut, a judge last March fined a charity \$15,000 for not having filed since 1992. "The United States," says the Revenue Canada official somewhat enigmatically, "is way ahead of us in terms of charitable sector regulation." One example: the U.S. Internal Revenue Service can fine charity officials who accept "excessive" salary awards. Canada, there are no limits on the incomes of charity employees. Braden makes sure we're free of charge.

In England and Wales, more than 198,000 charities are answerable to the government's Charity Commission, which has the power to investigate abuses of its guidelines for accounting practices, budgets, collections, banking, purchases and investments. A commission publication notes that some charities claim they should be able to operate on trust alone, but that, it concludes, "is not realistic." The argument for independent regulation is the heart of Leyden's 10-month drive to have the federal and provincial governments rein in the charity sector. Charitable importers have lobbied back. During the campaign leading to the June 2 federal election year in the southwestern Ontario riding of Wentworth-Burlington, the 55-year-old entrepreneur found himself up against a man his family opposes: a group called the Physicians' Committee About Tobacco Disease bought a half-share in The Ottawa. The newspaper has strengthened its relationship with anti-smoking organizations such as the Canadian Council on Smoking and Health, a charity

The doctors also paid for a full-page ad in the local weekly *Muskoka*, arguing that the MPP's "campaign against Canadian charities" is endangering public health. A commercial on a Hamilton radio station proclaimed that "we don't need a threat to public health reporting on Oshawa." All that interviewing, critics say, Breden cost him about 10,000 votes, although he won comfortably anyway. In a recent interview in his office, sitting office in Dundas west of Hamilton, Breden related his victory and declared himself "back on the warpath."

What he has only wants is the two levels of government to do, says Taylor, is follow the regulatory model taken by America and England Ottawa and the provinces, he says should collaborate on creating a set of enforceable standards for all charities — or people who willfully cheating they ought to go to jail." He says if the 80-per-cent rule is to be retained, there should apply to giving, bequests and investment income, not just accepted donations.

And finally Bryson says, "charity can be misleading." Against Revenue Canada and the courts use the formula devised by a British judge in 1891 that a charity must either relieve poverty, help education or religion, or otherwise benefit the community. The problem with that particular, says Bryson, "is that just about anything can be made to fit. Charitable activity should be directed to helping people in need."

45 Bryson based much of his 1998 report on an
46 examination of about 500 of the financial in-
47 formation return charities he suggested to be
48 each year. Called T309s and publicly
49 available from Revenue Canada, these returns
50 are the only window on where charities get
51 their money and how they spend it. An ex-
52 panded T309, requesting more numbers, will
53 be used for the 1999 fiscal year. But the rules
54 stay the same—a charity cannot advertise or

RANKING 20 CANADIAN HEALTH CHARITIES		
CHARITY	TOTAL ANNUAL REVENUE (not yearly audits yet)	PERCENTAGE SPENT ON CHARITABLE PROGRAMS
Alberta Heart Society of Alberta	\$14,128	79
Anglican Foundation of Canada	1,578,956	77
Arthritis Inner Foundation	7,846,364	77
Arthritis Foundation For the Study of Infectious Health	901,218	71
Art & Stroke Foundation	9,343,947	67
Asian Long Association	2,657,861	64
Autism Society of Canada	485,710	61
Birds of Prey Foundation	589,567	59
Canadian Cystic Fibrosis Foundation	10,547,375	57
Canadian Hemophilia Society	2,143,777	56
Canadian Parrot Society Foundation	134,861	55
Canadian Society of Gastroenterology	1,310,413	55
Canadian Stroke Society	12,356,528	57
Canadian Society of Anesthesiologists	1,119,092	45
Canadian Foundation of Osteoporosis	16,397,440	43
Canadian Society of Gastroenterology	1,348,145	36
Canadian Society of Geriatrics	1,150,740	34
Canadian Society of Endocrinology	3,120,411	30
Canadian Society for the Control of Pain	12,955,342	24
Chronic Fatigue Foundation	4,564,850	22

Some organizations spend little on real charity

oppose changes in the law, must spend its money "predominantly" on good works, keep administrative expenses "reasonable," avoid big surprises and describe in detail what it proposes to do. Revenue Canada says that добровольные organizations, such as "to relieve poverty," will just do. Yet they are commonplace.

The figures for 1995 furnish some insight into how the charitable sector as a whole interprets words such as "predominantly." To begin with, as many as 11,000 organizations apparently did not file returns at all and got away with it. The roughly 60,000 that did file returns of \$55 billion of which nearly two-thirds went to charitable programs (although the definition of "charitable" may differ from one charity to the next). Management and administration, together with the salaries of employees not assigned to charitable deeds, absorbed an additional \$1.5 billion.

Individual returns are more revealing. Although Revenue Canada requires applicants for registration must submit a detailed statement of purpose, Physicians for a Smoke-Free Canada described its mission in 1993 merely as "the promotion of public health policy." That volunteer department in Nova Scotia had receipts of just under \$82,800 in 1995, but did not say how much it spent on charity. In written statement, "to provide for protection." The Can-Am India Friendship Centre of Windsor, Ont., got no donations at all in 1994. Government grants and "expense recovery" yielded an income of roughly \$1 million, and more than \$600,000 went to salaries.

There are more bizarre examples. The Tulsa, Okla.-based Ocular Foundation of Canada raised more than \$150,000 in receipted donations in Canada and allocated only \$42,000 to charity—all of it in the United States. Its refund reason: "Advancement of Christianity worldwide." Lloyd Inc., a Doral, Fla., Quaker, charity offering unspecified services to adult leprosy, took in less than \$22,000 (none of it) in donations and spent all of it on management and administration. In Rio De Janeiro, the Gratitude Foundation used tax-receipted donations of nearly \$70,000 to preserve the writings of Phineas P. Quigley, a 19th-century American clock maker. Charities can also support other charities. In Swindon, Quark Build Systems, a registered charity, got \$47,000 from the Jehovah's Witnesses to make them furniture.



Cancer lab researcher: Using what makes cancer?

Across North America, the best-known charities are the ones that fight a wide variety of diseases by funding research, helping victims and educating the public. In the United States, the American Institute of Philanthropy periodically rates these so-called health charities like school examiners, B. C. did so earlier this year in patches. In its September 1995 ratings, it gave the National Easter Seal Society A for keeping its spending (most of it on fundraising) and the Shriners an F for keeping its large a surplus. The Institute and similar agencies say at least half of a charity's income should be spent on charitable programs. The American Red Cross, the March of Dimes, the American Heart Association, the American Lung Association and the Muscular Dystrophy Association all scored above 75 per cent.

The Revenue Canada returns covering 20 Canadian health charities cited earlier showed that 12 channelled half or more of their total income into charitable programs. The tiny Neurofibromatosis Society of Ontario led the pack at 90 per cent, followed by the Huntington Society of Canada and the Canadian Liver Foundation at 77. The Canadian Foundation for the Study of Infant Deaths was fourth with 71 followed by the Heart and Stroke Foundation of Canada with 67. The lowest percent agree the Multiple Sclerosis Society of Canada at 24 per cent and the Crohn's and Colitis Foundation of Canada at 22.

However, cautions the Canadian philanthropy centre's Johnson, the Canadian numbers may not tell the whole story. The problem, he says, "is that charitable organizations in this country are operating without any commonly accepted guidelines for how expenditures are accounted for." An expense that one charity assigns to programs might be regarded as an administrative cost by another, he notes. Charities, says Johnson, "are doing what they think makes sense in the absence of rules."

Both he and the Revenue Canada official say there can be a significant and effective regulation of the charitable sector until a lot more is known about it. "The field has never been seen as an important area of society," Johnson says. Adds the Ottawa tax man: "It's time academics and government started doing more research on the whole sector." Until that happens, the suppliers of aid and comfort will each have to make up the rules as they go. And charity will continue to begin at home—probably over the phone. □

WHEN CHARITY COMES CALLING

Prospective donors to charity should heed the following suggestions from the Canadian Centre for Philanthropy and the American Institute of Philanthropy

- Never give cash. Write a cheque payable to the charity, not the treasurer.
- Insist that charities identify themselves and provide the charity's full name and address.
- Ask if donations are tax-deductible. If

- The answer is yes, demand a receipt bearing the charity's name and Revenue Canada registration number.
- Be wary of mail appeals. Make sure the charity and its purposes are clearly identified.

- Ask telephone callers to forward a copy of the charity's annual report.
- Before succumbing to pictures of starving children or abused animals, ask what proportion of the donation dollar is spent on administration and fund-raising.
- Information about charities is available from potential consumer protection offices, Revenue Canada or the Canadian Centre for Philanthropy, 1373 Bay St., Suite 200, Toronto, Ont., M5R 2C4.

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Health MONITOR



MacKenzie—exploring ways to prevent premature death of nervous-system cells

Brain protection

As Ottawa-based research group may be in the early stages of finding a way to limit the death of brain cells that can disable and kill people afflicted by strokes or such neurodegenerative diseases as Alzheimer's, Dr. Michael MacKenzie, working in the British journal *Nature Medicine*, has researchers say they successfully prevented cell death in rats that had experienced the equivalent of a stroke in humans. The breakthrough was based on the work of two Ottawa doctors, Alex MacKenzie and

Robert Korpiha, who reported two years ago that they had identified a protein that appears to protect brain and nervous system cells from premature death. In the latest finding, scientists at Ottawa-based Apoptosys Inc.—firms set up by MacKenzie and Korpiha along with other Canadian and Japanese researchers used several methods to increase the amount of the protective protein in the rats' brains. Their overall goal is to find ways of making a similar therapy work on humans.

Thalidomide's return

Thalidomide, a drug that caused about 12,000 babies to be born with deformed or missing limbs, is making a comeback. A committee of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration proposed last week that it be approved as a prescription drug, but with severe restrictions on its use. Thalidomide was prescribed for pregnant women suffering from morning sickness in Canada, Europe and elsewhere during the 1950s and early 1960s, then gained wide acceptance after it became known as a treatment for leprosy. It was withdrawn from the market in 1961 because of its deformities. In Canada, physicians can now use the drug to treat specific conditions, including the autoimmune disease lupus, AIDS-related tumors and severe weight loss, and a form of leprosy. Randy Warrens, who represents 1,250 people as spokesman for the Thalidomide Victims' Association of Canada, told the FDA hearings that the drug should be used if it can help people who are sick.

Strengthening bones

A study at Tufts University outside Boston boosters previous conclusions that calcium and vitamin D supplements can strengthen bone density in older people and provide a measure of protection from fractures. The researchers followed 176 men and 213 women over the age of 65 during a three-year period. Half were given calcium and vitamin D tablets, the others received a biologically inactive placebo. Of the 37 subjects who suffered non-surgical fractures during the period, more than two-thirds—26—were in the placebo group. The study, published in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, concluded that the vitamin supplements "modestly reduced" the loss in bone density that accompanies old age.

Laxative recall

The Geneva-based drug giant Novartis is withdrawing its current version of the popular laxative Exlax from the North American market as regulators consider a ban on widely used laxative ingredient shown to cause cancer when given in high doses to rats and mice. Novartis' subsidiary in both countries said they would stop making Exlax from phenolphthalein and instead use a plant extract called senna as the active ingredient. Health Canada medical consumers by July 30 the potential risk and ordered manufacturers of about 50 laxatives to continue pharmaceutical to submit evidence showing that the ingredient is safe, or stop shipping their products to retailers by Aug. 8. Only two manufacturers made submissions to Ottawa about the suspect ingredient. Federal officials said a final ruling on the issue would be made before the end of September. In Washington, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration moved to ban the suspect chemical, but gave manufacturers 30 days to comment on the proposal.

Health and wealth

Can money buy health? Perhaps not entirely. But according to an Ontario survey, people with annual incomes under \$20,000 are less likely to survive cancer than the more affluent. The study, published in the Philadelphia-based *Journal of Clinical Oncology*, tracked more than 350,000 cancer cases diagnosed in Ontario between 1982 and 1991. It found that people with household incomes between \$30,000 and \$40,000 had a better five-year survival rate than those with less money, and the rate was higher still for people earning more than \$50,000. Dr. William Mackillop, the Kingston, Ont., radiation oncologist who led the study, suggests several reasons for the differences. People with higher incomes are likely to be better educated and to seek medical advice sooner, he says. But he also suggests physicians may deal with people from various socio-economic groups differently.

A cinema of extremes

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

Canadian movies have developed a wary reputation in recent years. With such tabloid-busting fare as *Kenosha, Crash and Burn* blockbusterizing in this country was beginning to look like a peculiar kind of social preference. But Canadian cinema—which seems to have been “coming of age” for decades now—keeps changing. Just when everyone has decided director Atom Egoyan figured out the breakthrough with a sensitive tragedy about a school-bus crash, at the opening film of the Toronto International Film Festival (Sept. 4 to 12), Egoyan's *Caesar and Cleopatra*, has dominated the spotlight. But it is just one of 21 new Canadian features at the Toronto event, which serves as an annual showcase for the country's film makers—and that year's crop is one of the most diverse ever.

The festival genres range from family pathos to gangster gore, from *Gen Xers* to surreal banality. There are also documentaries exploring everything from South Africa apathetic to female erotica, from a father's suicide to a daughter's murder. These films—most of which will be shown in theatres or on TV over the next year—form a composite portrait of a national cinema that is adventurous, personal and wildly idiosyncratic. A partial survey:



The Toronto festival's crop of Canadian movies is diverse and wildly idiosyncratic

Far in the

Hanging

Season: Fall

Genre: dark
drama and dive
movies

Based on a true story, this feature debut from director Diane Paragas follows an embittered, middle-aged black bus driver and his erratic son. The story centres on the brotherly gay relationship between Sweet William (Chris Leesay), who comes home after a long absence, and soldiers homocidal thoughts to his sexual awakening as an obese teen. Native actor Troy Venner, twice vulnerable in the 2004 youth and New Zealand satire *Kerry Fox*, is a riot as Sweet William, the tough-tough brat.

Naming all his characters after garden plants, and structuring the film with flower-like designs, Paragas takes the risk of overwriting her metaphor. The Hanging Garden's magic-realist come-uppance that Sweet William is alive and looking over after hanging himself in the garden via tree—certainly requires a stretch of the imagination—but Paragas's campy audience seems rooted in authentic emotion, and the result is a strong, fertile drama that breaks fresh ground.

By weird coincidence, there is another Canadian movie about an

obese adolescent boy emerging from a repressed upbringing: *In The House of Jasmin Brown* the overripe hero is a giddy black teenager, played with quiet aplomb by Marlie Villette. Jasmin Brown is an ageing pianist, but he must play in silence, because his controlling mother cut the strings out of their piano in a fit of anger. Directed by Toronto's Chantal Vignault, the film's muted whimsy evokes its shadow-free from the incendiary pretensions of its feature debut, *Rebel* (1993). It's a Christmas fable that ticks through a series of farcical to a sweet, unassuming conclusion. But *Jasmin Brown*, which was filming for the CBC (and is expected to air in December), has a giddy, unaffected charm that speaks reflectively from the padded-up floors of most TV rooms.

Offering a more serious slant on youthful alienation, *Kitchen* partly delivers more than entertainment than any of the other new Canadian films according to the measured sort of joy first feature, *The Salvivarians* (1984). Calgary writer-director Gary Burns has assembled a terrific ensemble of young actors to create a dark, witty farce about a tom boy hosting a party in the kitchen of her parents' house while they are out for dinner in a neighbouring subdivision. The rest of the house is strictly off-limits—and the slightest disturbance in the broodbeef's freshly vacuumed pile can cause the major alarm. Of course, properly

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a) bad nerves; b) indigestion; c) potential stroke.
3. Only seniors are at risk of stroke: a) True; b) False.
4. A brain attack always occurs without warning:
a) True; b) False.
5. If you are not in any pain, you don't need to worry:
a) True; b) False.

Queso quesadilla (p. 27); Zucchini fritters (p. 28)



A brain attack, or stroke, is like a heart attack that affects the brain. A common early symptom that puts you at high risk of brain attack is the occasional feeling of butterflies across your chest. This may be caused by atrial fibrillation, or AF, a heart rhythm disturbance that affects more than 200,000 Canadians. AF is one of the leading causes of brain attacks. In addition to AF, there are other medical conditions that can trigger a stroke. You are at high risk for having a stroke if you have high blood pressure (hypertension), hardening of the arteries (atherosclerosis), heart disease or diabetes. Smoking and a family history of heart problems may also increase your risk of stroke. Talk to your doctor at your next regularly scheduled visit.

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FILMS

damage ensues. With a small debt to *Body Broadcast*, and a deadpan style all his own, Barus sends up suburban conformity to hilarious effect; this is one Canadian movie that could become a cult hit with North American audiences.

Shipping for Parts, another flick with some territorial bite, follows as do "Generation X gear-hopping thrillers." In fact, it seems more like a screwball comedy, interviewing the tale of an exuberant widower walking a lonely housewife with a spoon about a man turning into a wormhole. Set among hyperboiling Angus in *Lac-Argent*, *Shipping for Parts* is only marginally Canadian—it's Hong Kong-born and directed. Quentin Lee, 25, moved from the Canadian Council and grew up Montreal before settling in California. With its breezy style and caustic vocals, the film plays as a flimsy-house in Wong Kar-wai, the hip Hong Kong director of *Chungking Express*. But it is in the same league

Cube brings the spirit of film-school innovation to the science-fiction genre. Directed by minor Toronto filmmaker Vincent Naso, 28, and produced by the Canadian Film Centre, it is a *Killzone*-size thriller about six characters trying to escape a prison constructed as a diabolical maze of interlocking caves. The film's brain-teasing plot and mathematical designs are ingenious, the characters, however, tend to be equally schematic.

Men with GUNS—not to be confused with the John Sayles movie of the same name—pursues more conventional terrain. A grisly tale of gangster violence, it is about a trio of small-time bunters who buy guns to seek revenge on a band of bullying cocaine dealers. The script slides into gore, blood slick formula.

But there is a strong cast, including Paul Sorvino as a crime boss and Callan Keith Rouse, who steals the movie with his off-the-wall performance as a spiced-out dragger. And director Kari Skogland, who cut her teeth on rock videos and commercials, shoots in a slick, kinetic style. If nothing else, *Men with GUNS* proves that a Canadian weapone can shoot bloodfleas and mayhem just as Americans can.

Another female director, Vancouver's *Mira Shore*, follows up her acclaimed first feature, *Double Happiness* (1990)—a portrait of a Chinese immigrant family—with an exquisitely literary *Power, She Said*. It is a rural novel in the jowling tradition of *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* and *Laura*. Moira Kelly (Clapéyron) stars as Nodice, an unassuming bank teller who gets taken hostage by a robber, and then falls for him. While her husband bank manager, an amateur bank manager, struggles to make amends in their relationship, she develops a new taste for adventure and romance.

While some directors drift with Hollywood convention, others venture ever deeper into the fringes of the mainstream. And for something completely different, Winnipeg director Guy Maddin can always be counted on to take a flying somersault into some new hinterland of eccentricity. *Maddin's Twilight of the Ice*

Synopsys is a surreal fantasy set in an apocalyptic land called Mandragora where the sun never sets and skies run from magenta to chartreuse. Maddin's starkly artificial sets, dimensions heightened with Day-Glo colors, are a marvel of whimsy. But this fairy tale of crisscrossed laws, kidnaps, and ostrich farms (Shelley Duvall, a crack up-sister [R. H. Thompson], a forest nymph [Alice Krige], an exorcist [Nigel Whitman], and the woman of his dreams [Isabella Thornton]) soon descends into an unrehearsedlessness that seems self-indulgent. Twinkler lacks the coquettish edge of Maddin's previous feature, *Caesar*—and one sign that something has gone awry is the way Whitney delivers his lines: this lead role is unconvincing, and his dialogue has been woefully overhauled by another actor.

Director André Fueller, the most terrible of Quebec cinema is another ingredient of the surreal who seems to have hit the wall



The new films range from family pathos to surreal fantasy

SPOTTED AT THE
*Rhythms Among
Unnatural Elements*
ACCIDENTALLY

La Comtesse de Balan Rouge is a Gowholian film about carnival freaks and the creative process. Its曲折 narrative involves around an aging movie director named Eric Prince who has made a self-portrait of the artist as a young man—an inspiring Eisenstein who drives an Edsel to New Orleans and becomes a human cyborg so he can be with the world's most beautiful bearded lady (just a light stabilizer). "I wanted till Edsel ran out of ideas before I made this film," admits the director in the movie, which seems true of Forier himself. But even when he is spinning his wheels, there is some amusement in his quidnuncs.

Forier's veteran producer, Roger Flappier, seems to have had better luck with six young Quebec directors who pooled their talents to make *Carnaval*, a mercurial sprawl of six short dramatic films in black and white. Lurked by the mauls of a Gorilla cab driver in Montreal, the segments add up to an art-film party gag. While the ribs are uneven, *Carnaval* shines with energy, humor and a simple elegance that suggests a new generation of directors has arrived to renew the fading glory of Quebec cinema.

Another film that says with conventional gestures is *La Lâcher* (*The Abstain Out*), an extraordinary film feature from 45-year-old writer/director Coffie Baird. A giddily bleak blend of fact and fiction, it follows the tortured odyssey of a composer named Richard Radar

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played by Roland Bevard, who travels through Europe in an attempt to understand his father's suicide. Rader retires the steps he took with his family as a 12-year-old, when he and his mother watched as his father, a musician, threw himself into the Danube as a final act of artistic surrender. The film, which ends as a meditative trave logue, is interwoven with evocative black-and-white stills of the family's original trip through Rome, Budapest, Prague and Tokyo. And as Rader travels, he composes the score (which was in fact created by the actor who plays him). Just where the truth of the story leaves off and invention begins is, from a causal viewing, impossible to say.

Some of the most dramatically personal new features do, in fact, take documentary form. And some are more personal than *Tu as moi*: *'Let Me Go'*, Quebec film maker Anne-Marie Poiter's devastating farewell to her daughter, Yvette—a prostitute and heroin addict who was found murdered in Montreal five years ago. With a partly voice-over co-written by author Marie-Claire Blais, Poiter uses interviews of addicts and parents with elegiac explorations of her daughter's former haunts. From the long opening shot of an ailing calving, Poiter's attempt to lift her the separation of death and the submerged mystery of her daughter's life, casts an unforgettable spell.

A monster's human face

GERMIE & LOUISE
(CBC, Sept. 16, 8:00 p.m.)

He was one of the men who dragged them from their beds in the middle of the night. He would disappear. He talks about the blindfolds, the strip-teases, the truth serum, the electro-shocks in the mouth, the pens in the fingers. He remembers the adrenaline he felt during a raid, and the emerged consciousness with which he would conduct experiments in pain. As an intelligence officer in the South African Defense Force, Gernie Hugo took part in the torture and murder of anti-apartheid activists in the late-1980s. But his story is not one of simple villainy. In 1991, Gernie broke ranks. Risking his life, he held a news conference to denounce his colleagues. And there he met anti-apartheid journalist Louise Platagan, who worked with him to expose the death squads and eventually became his wife.

Gernie & Louise tells an extraordinary story—one that is by turns horrifying, fascinating and profoundly touching. At its centre is a marriage that has to contend with staggering issues of betrayal and trust, a relationship that serves as a microcosm for the moral compromise heathen-gather the post-apartheid peace in South Africa. The 75-minute documentary is Toronto director Barrie Gunnison's first



Gernie Hugo emerges as a man after an apartheid

in 10 years, but it bears the compassion and keen insight that have become his signature in such recent, fact-based chronicles as *The Day of Frosty Lau and Diana Kause*.

What attracted him to the film, says the 65-year-old director, was the chance to examine the banality of evil. "I'd done stories of political violence before," he explains, "but I wanted to understand how these things happened. It's not enough just to say apartheid is evil. The things that Gernie perpetrated were so often hideous, but the man I sensed seemed to be so ordinary. We go out looking for monsters and when we find them they have a human face. Did he really have a change of heart or was it expedient? Well, both."

Gunnison also interviews a range of characters from Gernie's past—both victims and collaborators. He tracks down intelligence officer Col. Jan Anton Heywood, who becomes the first high-ranking

table spell. The film is an almost unbearably eloquent cry of insomnia. But it is also an exemplary act of therapy. And as Poiter divests her feelings of guilt and anger, she conducts a valuable inquiry into the social roots of addiction, and delivers a passionate plea for the decriminalization of drugs.

Meanwhile, Toronto filmmaker Sunita Gunnaian takes a highly personal look at South African politics with his CBC documentary *Gervie & Louise*—the story of a marriage tested in the terror of apartheid (below). And Tim Southam's *Bewowing in Dresses*, a National Film Board documentary, plumbs the depths of Lake Superior with the bizarre story of a man obsessed by a shipwreck, Fred Brownlie, a Thunder Bay, Ont., industrialist, squandered his fortune on trying to raise the *Gordonia*, a luxury steam yacht that hit a shoal and sank in 1911. Despite the death of fellow diver Charles King Hugo—who succumbed to nitrogen narcosis and drowned clinging to the *Gordonia*'s flagstaff—Brownlie persists in his treasure hunt. The film's loopy narrative occasionally seems like Hugo's to lose its grip in the depths of the deep. But the collection of characters is fascinating, and

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Many documentaries play on the unashamed voyeurism of glimpsing lives much stranger and more adventurous than our own. *Erotica: A Journey Into Female Sexuality* addresses that curiosity while providing a thoughtful framework for a world encumbered by misconceptions. Toronto filmmaker Mayra Gallo has conducted a guided tour of women's erotica, licensing on interviews with a gallery of self-styled professionals—from a Persian dominatrix to American strip-teaser. Her best subjects are a remarkably cogent Pascale Seigne, the 90-year-old author of *The Story of O*, and Bertrand Shermis, a French photographer who shoots provocative, artful pictures of ordinary women, not models, in the nude.

The American women in the film, meanwhile, seem determined to demonstrate, and denigrate, lust. Former porn star Annie Sprinkle delivers a self-fertilizing seminar that drags sex into the analytical light of day. French porn producer Charlotte Royle comes across as the sole sexual citizen, showing that even a pornographer can construct a plausible corporate image. Wisely, Gallo refrains from passing judgment and lets her subjects speak for themselves.

In a more experimental vein, *Uneasy* explores sexual politics with a genre-bending mix of melodrama, docu-reality, story interviews, revisionist history and opera. After winning a Goya last year for his lavish production of *Elizir*, gay film maker John Greyson has descended to the guerrilla scale of his first feature, *Zero Paternoster* (1993). His story involves three characters named Peter—cycles who flee in inheritance, a triplet obsessed with Pierre Trudeau and a grad student penning a paper on eugenics. With film makers like Greyson, Gallo and Forier exploring erotic frontiers, Canadian cinema's reputation for sexual transgression seems safe at least for a while.

Squeezed between artistic ambition and economic stress, Canadian filmmakers tend to be driven by extremes of obsession and desperation. One of the most curious documentaries at the Toronto festival is *Pitch*, by Spencer Rice and Kenny Hots, a self-financed effort by two floundering Canadian filmmakers trying to sell a screenplay to Hollywood big shots visiting the same festival last year. As they pitch their script for *The Deuce*—a comedy about a Mafia don who goes on for a heroin operation and gets a ten-chance by mistake—their attempts become increasingly laughable. After making serious efforts of themselves in Toronto, they take their project to Hollywood, where a bottom-feeding agent actually gives them cause for hope. The Deuce is still waiting to be made. But in due course their failure, Rice and Hots actually succeed in making a film—a Canadian success story if ever there was one. □

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Margaret's grieving



Beloved writer Margaret Laurence battled several demons

BY JUDITH TIMSON

When Margaret Laurence was in her mid-30s, she wrote *The Sharpened Angel*, a fiercely beautiful novel whose heroine, Hagar Shipley, an abstemious, querulous woman of 30, is a bane to those present in the children's lives. Hagar rages against her approaching death, reaching towards the end that she has blocked herself from experiencing the true, deep feelings of love she might have had. "Great sleeps, always have worried thus—simply to rejoice. How is it I never could . . . When did I ever speak the heart's truth?"

It was Hagar who in 1984 set Laurence on the path to becoming one of Canada's most loved and respected writers, and Hagar who became her most memorable character. It was even Hagar, as James King writes in his enormously moving biography, *The Life of Margaret Laurence*, whom Laurence thought of when, facing terminal cancer at 80, she took the overdose of sleeping pills that ended her life. "I don't want to be Hagar," she wrote in a soul-unpublished journal she kept until her death on Jan. 5, 1985.

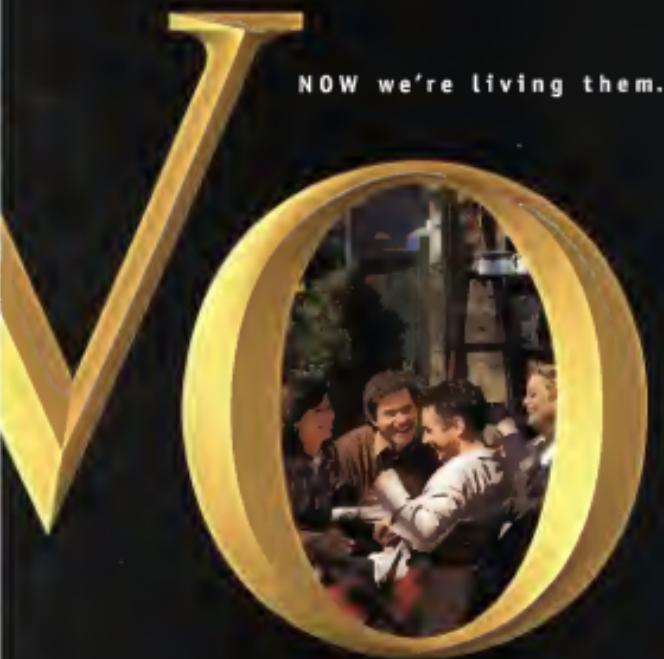
The fact that Laurence took her own life—which is a handful of friends and family knew—is perhaps, on the surface, the most surprising thing in the book. But it is not the most interesting, or even the most revealing. King, an English professor at McMaster Uni-

versity in Hamilton, strips away the outer layers of the "stout down of Falsetto," as the public perceived Laurence, and reveals a deeply troubled woman who struggled to define herself as a writer but, in the process, may well have lost her soul.

It is difficult to overstate how profoundly sad *The Life of Margaret Laurence* is. King presents her as such a potent mix of strengths and failings that she was able to emerge as an author in the '50s (a notoriously difficult era for women who wanted to be writers) and eventually produce the *Manitouka* novels, in which she told the stories of her remarkable women like Hagar and writer Marion Grinn in *The Diamond*. But Laurence was also so vulnerable that she succumbed to alcoholism, stopped writing after *Octopus* before the age of 50, and was estranged in a desperate loneliness before her death. No one knows, says King, "the extent of Margaret's anguish."

All the seeds of Laurence's character were sown in early childhood. Born into a prosperous family in Neepawa, Man., a small town that became the fictionalized *Manitouka* of her novels, "Peggy" Wanda lost her mother to a kidney infection at the age of 4 and her father to pneumonia five years later. It was the death of her mother, Verma, an emotional, deeply intuitive woman, that marked Laurence for life. King quotes fellow writer Sheila Fraser describ-

BACK THEN we had our dreams,



Like friendship, crafted with care.



BOOKS

ing Lawrence's passionate identification with people who had suffered similar losses as constituting a "stigmata of the soul."

Lawrence was by her less emotional but nonetheless supportive and blaring (whom she called Maug) Askin when girl Peg wanted to be a writer from the age of 18 and clearly observed her dictatorial grandmother and other members of her community. Far from raising important questions, she nonetheless carefully concealed her mother's determination, thinking it was unfortunate.

King charts Lawrence's life through several incisive stages. At 21, he recounts, "imbued with a wonderful confidence," she fell in love with and married engineer Jack Fairview, moving with him to Sonora. But Lawrence relished at being the matronly disciplining as a white woman to exercise her colonial power, and that created friction between husband and wife.

Alice was there, she still later, she learned to look at herself. From her experience there, she professed a collection of short stories and the novel *This Side Jones* (1930). But it was also where she began to drink heavily. "For more than any other woman in her circle," King theorizes, that Lawrence drank is part to blunt the pain that enveloped her when she wrote. The very act of writing dredged up something dark within her.

Perhaps more disconcerting than the drinking is King's depiction of Lawrence as a flawed parent. Desperately wanting children, she gave birth to a daughter, Juneau, in 1933, and assumed that she could continue to focus on her sonna. But after a spell from her concerned stepbrother, Lawrence, now living back at Vancouver, wrote in a letter, "I thought I could do everything. But I'm alone, and I could not, that there would be a price." King writes that Lawrence's two adult children, Joyce and her younger brother, David, born in 1956, both believe "they paid an unfair price for her creativity." As a mother, "she often swam in a fury," and the children were made to feel like misfits.

It is always tricky to analyze the competing forces in a woman writer's domestic life. Very few granted male writers—especially from that era—would ever be described as flawed because they closed the study door on their children, or were not always available to look after their emotional needs. But King's assessment has added poignancy because he acknowledges that both children were permitted to read the manuscript for factual errors in exchange for supplying material relating to their mother. In fact, one of the great ironies it conflicts at Lawrence's life was the soul-wrenching split between the demands of motherhood and her passionate desire to write. As she said in one letter to a friend, "If only one could be a dragon, and another, either mother or woman, either woman or writer, but God damn, I've got to be in the fight to win my rights."

In the '30s, Lawrence's marriage dissolved, and she moved to London with the children to prove, albeit unsuccessfully, an affair with a Caribbean writer. Her decision to leave her husband essentially freed her from the role she found most difficult—"I am just not a suitable wife," she said—but it left her lonely for the rest of her life, as she was unable to form any other lasting relationship.

with a mate. (King, however, does make it clear that Lawrence enjoyed many long and rich friendships.)

In the meantime, Lawrence had, in her herself wrote, "killed off" Peggy and become Margaret, the writer who would raise her children in a comfortable cottage in the English countryside before moving back to Canada, and would produce such acclaimed novels as *A Jest of God* (1938), which became the movie *Rebel*. (Rebel, starring Joanne Woodward, The *Five-Dollars* (1961) and *The Overlook* (1974). In the 1980s, much to Lawrence's dismay, The *Overlook* was temporarily banned in her adopted home town of Lakefield (your Peterborough, Doug) because of its explicitly sexual material.

After *The Overlook*, Lawrence found she had nothing more to say through her fiction, and the realization was, she remarked, "in some odd way a kind of relief." But even then, despite her early evening most nights, she was tormented by what people expected of her as a writer, and when she could actually give them. "Have not published an adult novel in 12 years and won't eat out," she wrote in her journal in 1986. "Lord, don't they know how as gaunched that has been for me?"

Although the depth of Lawrence's despair is, at times, almost unbearable to read about, King concludes that the author "triumphed against the dark forces that beset her." In a letter to a friend outlining the extent of her cancer, she admitted "I am so lucky that my kidney grows and I have lived so to do my life-work. No regrets."

Unlike her harrowing fiction of creation, Hagar, Lawrence felt she had been able, in her lifetime, to rejoice. With her arm around down, her face, she told another friend shortly before her death: "And I've danced, I've danced." As for speaking the heart's truth she had done that all along, in her novels.

Fifteen months into investigating the life of novelist Margaret Laurence, biographer James King, 55, an American-born professor of English at McMaster University, had a pivotal meeting in Tokyo to talk with Laurence's two children, Jojolyn and David. They handed him her private journal and told him: "Mama killed herself?" His heart pounding, he knew then, he recalls, that he had a book "to be more explosive" than he had originally thought.

King took home the journal and began to read it. "The way she did herself in suggested elements of greatness to me," he says. "I thought, 'I want to produce a book that is worthy of this torment of this woman.'" In fact, he says, he feels he has produced his own *Mausoleum* novel.

King, who has written biographies of Virginia Woolf and Herbert Read, had always been fascinated by the strong fictional heroines created by Laurence, but was disappointed when her popular *Dance with an Earth* was published two years after her death. "I thought it was Maugusque," he said. "She didn't do herself justice." Laurence is his first Canadian literary subject (this second one will be then-bayou Canadian publisher Jack McClelland).

Despite its tragic elements, King believes his book affirms Laurence's heroic qualities, and her status as a writer. "Several people have said it's the oddest book they've ever read," says King, "but in a life like that you have to balance it out—she did, in fact, succeed in doing what she was born to do." □

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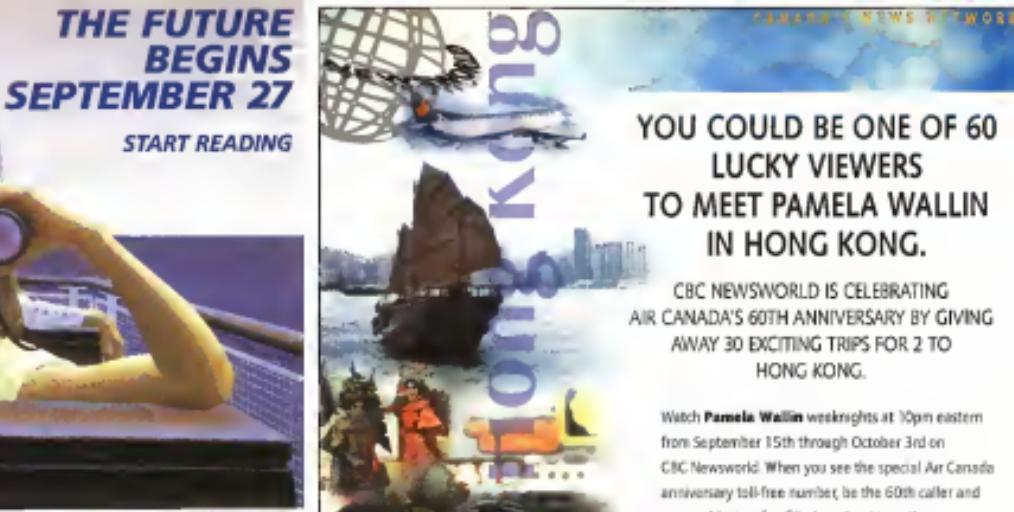


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The interior bar
she created is more
modest than her
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BOOKS

A writer's creative trances

BY JOHN DEMBROSE

Anne Urquhart stands beside her bright blue family cottage, with Lake Ontario on her back, the wind streaming in her long auburn hair and mid-length skirt, sunburnt, for a moment, one of those 19th-century heroines who populate her novels. There is even a hint of the heady romantic Edward Burne-Jones painting *The Evening Star*, which graced the cover of *Away*, her phenomenally successful 1992 novel about Irish settlers in Canada. In that picture, a young woman in a flowing, dark-blue gown fans above a distant landscape, her gaze fixed on things mere mortals cannot see. But as Urquhart comes forward to greet her visitor—here to discuss her new novel, *The Underpainter*—any suggestion of lyrical romance is quickly dispelled. When fixed and drawn-together, the 65-year-old author leads the way into the cottage with a weary warning to mind the back door. Apparently it jams on the step because the repeated jostling in a nearby quarry has shifted the ground beneath. "Listen," Urquhart intones, as the rise of heavy machinery drifts across the trees. "The chewing sound of the industrial compostion"

A destroyed landscape was one of the dominant images of *Away*, whose lakeside setting was inspired by this very place. Urquhart has been spending summers in this cottage, a few miles east of Colborne, Ont., since her childhood, and its cozy, chintzy rooms are filled with decades of mementos, including a portrait of the original owner, a doughty sea captain. Out the front window, the great blue bag of the lake rests

the third person but it kept calling on the first," Urquhart says. "I rarely observed but occasionally snatched, Austin's star from the author because he was so unlike anything she had created before." Here was a character who was the very opposite of me, American and male," she says. "I felt some sympathy for him, because he couldn't make an emotional connection. But I was also kind of afraid of him a lot of the time."

In many ways, Austin seems like a new variation on the old literary theme of the self-taught American, who, in his naivete, creates havoc and destruction. Yet his story begins innocently enough. In the early years of the century, Austin spends his childhood summers on the Canadian side of the lake at Dwyvertown (a stand-in for Colborne) where he becomes friends with a local boy, George Kerrera. The two begin an unlikely relationship that survives a tragic separation, partly because Austin becomes a famous painter with a passion for Canada's North, while George becomes a crackshot veteran of the First World War whose great calling is painting scenes on canvas. Ultimately though, Austin's emotional coldness and blundering stuns their friendship into tragedy.

Austin also gets involved with another

Jane Urquhart gets
joyfully lost in her stories

plan in the afternoon sun. Three of Urquhart's four novels have been set on or very near the Great Lakes. The author is about an American artist, Austin Frost, who finds from Rochester, N.Y., the city that lies just under the horizon, while looking west.

The book's comic side of Urquhart's talent may surprise her followers. Gone are the ravishing and melancholic evocations of her earlier works, and in their place is something much more realistic. A lot of the novel's cooler manner flows from Urquhart's use of Austin as its first-person narrator ("I struggled to get the book into

BOOKS

Canadian, Sara Preppely, who lives in a rustic settlement on the shores of Lake Superior. She becomes his model and mistress, but he sides away from a deeper commitment. In the novel's harrowing, beautifully written climactic scene, he watches her dis�ort form from his hands as she tries to seduce him across the Lake Superior ice, all the while debating whether he willingly abandons her to get there. "This scene really upset me," Uriguard says, "because I didn't know when I was writing it whether he would stay or go."

As Uriguard talks about her characters, her large, expressive eyes light at the ones with whom she enters the imaginative world. The act of writing, she admits, is very much like being "away"—the term used in her previous novel to describe a state of other-worldliness so powerful it touches the pathological. Uriguard says she writes unconsciously, with such fervent concentration that the process can leave her wondering where she has been, and how she will ever get back there. "It's a little scary," she says. "I can never really believe I have done it again, because I can never remember how I did it the last time. I can't remember sitting at the desk."

It all sounds a lot like being carried off by the fairies—an apt enough comparison given the emphasis Uriguard lays on her Irish background. *Away* was dedicated not just to her mother, Marian Carter, a name and her father, Walter Carter, a mining engineer, but to her mother's family, the Quines—by which Uriguard means all the Quines stretching back through three generations. The Quines arrived in Canada from Ireland in the mid-18th century, and ever since, Uriguard says, have been mythologizing the island of their origins. Uriguard—the name comes from her husband, painter Tony Uriguard, with whom she lives for most of the year at their home in the village of Wadsworth, near Kitchener, Ont.—was born in 1946 in Little Long Lac in Northern Ontario. But she nurtured with the Quines at the Lake Ontario cottage and readily absorbed their Irish fables. "She had the vision, she says, that Ireland was 'this imaginary place' somewhere that, if you were only good enough or could think magical thoughts, you might get there."

Uriguard describes her early life as "really odd little girl" with passionate ambitions. When she was 9, and her family had moved to Toronto, her parents took her to see *The Moon and My Fan*. Lydia New York City Uriguard was starstruck. She attended on dancing and acting lessons, and commanded a friend into slaving impromptu performances in a corner of the study, hoping she would somehow be

discovered. She even wrote the composer Richard Rodgers, offering to come to New York and work for him. He wrote back, chivalrously offering to meet her at the place—where she was 15.

In her early teens, Uriguard became fascinated by the work of such Beat writers as Allen Ginsberg and Jack Kerouac, and wrote poems of half poetry in the family's cellar (it'll be given to be a Beat, too). She had to live in an "extreme" house. She also began to sit in art-class activities at her prestigious private school. However, in order to take the house downstair, hear folk-singers in Yorkville. She was often in love (usually unsuccessfully) and at 18 she fell hard for Paul Reekie, an art student about a year and a half her senior. A year later, much to her parents' distress, they were married. "We were so absorbed with each other," she says, "it was a total lack of condition, and that can only happen when

Two years later she and Tony Uriguard, 15 years her senior, at an art opening in Kitchener. The two married in 1976, and the following year Uriguard gave birth to a daughter. Two of her husband's young daughters from an earlier marriage also lived with them, and yet, despite the domestic chores that suddenly fell into Uriguard's lap, she was writing harder than ever and, for the first time, sending her poems and stories to small magazines. "Housework doesn't take up the side of your mind that invents narrative and plays with words," says Uriguard, who by now had earned two honours degrees, in English and Art History. "But I'm positive that if I'd become some sort of professional person, I'd never have become a writer. I need a lot of unstructured time."

As she began to gain publication and gain confidence, she left her way into her first novel, *The Underpinter*, inspired by an old record book she once kept by her husband's grandmother, Niagara Falls undertaker. It contained descriptions of the dead bodies or "bodies" that had been pulled from the river below the falls. Ellen Sellgeman, editorial director of fiction at McClelland & Stewart, which has published all of Uriguard's novels, read her manuscript and remembers being "utterly pleased" by its thematic richness and magical evocation of place. The book sold modestly when it appeared in 1986, but was considerable critical acclaim, including France's prize for the best foreign novel of the year. Five years later, it was followed by *Changing Rivers*, followed with Uriguard's passion for Emily Brontë. Then in 1990 came *Awake*, with the mythological evocation of Canada's roots. The critics raved, and it spent 25 years at the top of the country's best-seller lists. "It seemed to be read by a lot of people who hadn't read a book since Grade 10," Uriguard says, adding with a laugh, "in fact, it was probably 10 years ago to wonder if there was something wrong with it."

The *Underpinter*, Sellgeman calls it Uriguard's "darkest, most mature and perhaps logically penetrating work"—only not achieve the same high profile. But then, Uriguard remains uncomfortable with fame. "What attracts her to writing novels," she says, "is the writing itself." It has never really lost the aspect of play for me. When I go upstairs to write, it's always with the feeling that I am going to do what I really want to do. I'm going to play. I'm crazy about it." And as she walks out to the cottage lawn and says goodbye, an absent, dissociated look is already creeping into her handsome features, no doubt part of her is already "away," in that wonderful place where Jane Uriguard's visions drift to words. □

Her 1993 novel, *Away*, spent 2 1/2 years at the top of the country's best-seller lists

you're quite young—that feeling that you're poised physically forever."

Loving with Keele brought Uriguard many insights into the art world that she won't share in *The Underpinter*. When Keele enrolled at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design in Halifax, he became immediately unhappy with the emphasis the teachers there—many of them American—were laying on conceptual art. "Paul would make a print, but then they'd demand that he burn it or bury it and videotape the whole process," Uriguard recalls. In *The Underpinter* she makes Austin into a kind of conceptual artist, who creates realistic images, and then all but obliterates them under fresh, blank layers. There is an element of parody in this, as well as a sense of Austin's habitual burying of his own emotions.

Five years after the couple were married, Keele died in a car crash. "I kept about 40 to look and looked the same way," Uriguard says of her period of grief. The tragedy gave her—though she did not then know it—one of the most powerful elements of her later fiction: the theme of doomed, youthful love, horrifically sealed by death in a kind of purification. "You get to look it as a sort of little bubble you can go back to," Uriguard says quietly of her time with Keele.



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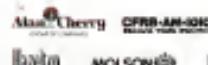
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Allan Fotheringham

Diana changed the monarchy forever

My days, The Staffard, is the best small hotel in the world. It is like a boardinghouse—where they take plate. The last elevator breaks down every day. One morning, there is no hot breakfast—the gas has disappeared. The sumptuous room, as always, is stone cold even when there's gas.

Outside the door, there is a narrow paved shadow that opens on Green Park, one of the three largely linked banks of grass—it is between St. James's Park and Hyde Park—that are "the lungs of London."

Turn left down Queen's Walk and about 100 m along, unenclosed only by a parker with green sealed hair flagging a minicab, is the wonderfully named Jane McDonald Passage. At the end is an ugly pile of yellow brick St. James's Palace, built in 1532 by Henry VIII, home last week to the shattered corpse of a young lady who even in death has changed the monitory forever.

Out front was the perfect image of a country that can't decide when it will enter the modern world. A clear redcoat, wearing a bicorn before a service box, carrying erect a salutaceous gun that was lagged by—what? flint?—began at a hansom! To consider nuclear missiles no closer. This is the greatest evolution of Britain, a faded empire now desperate not to give up the tourist trade.

A stroll to the right reveals the mob around Buckingham Palace's locked gates and the earliest mound of flowers with a child's tiny ones offered to her Queen of Hearts. The main object of attraction, perhaps not so strangely, were stacks of TV anchor bodies in crushed Blood-Hair waiting to cameras—for very rarely does the British media of which are accused of digging the graves of their grime.

London has given much to the world. Sir Winston Churchill, who saved the world for democracy, attracted 200,000 to his funeral cortège when he died in 1965. That unshaven girl draws millions, and as abhors the royal that they are forced by public outrage to abandon their belief in protocol and bow to their subjects' wishes that they get a life and get involved.

George Will, the American commentator, has noted that "After

among European democracies—almost all of them republics—the Brits persist in turning their royals into movie stars (unlike the Yankees, who turn their movie stars into royalty).

The dead princess may have changed all that, in death perhaps more than when she was alive. Those will sleep memories that knew that she died at 36 at the same age as another doomed sex symbol, Marilyn Monroe, and in the same manner as the equally grecian Grace Kelly left this earth.

The spotter was insouciant of feeling from what happened to be the still-superb site left the royal, bankrupt at Balmoral up in Scotland, absurdly bewildered and in slight panic—gulping and recalling that they had strayed a little "On the Dark Side" of "Her Royal Highness" label.

Columnist Polly Toynbee, descendent of a rather well-known historian says "the Windsors are behaving as if a revolution is taking place outside the gates of Buckingham Palace. And they may be right." Every morning, as I walk east Queen's Walk to buy my 10 newspapers, little men in paper hats business suits were handled, a pony's tail pasties in hand, down to Buck House to lay another wreath—on the dead hand of the monarch.

There are all the comments on how Prince Charles, in the last year, spent nearly 30 days with those two entitled pitiful boys. Instead of the world's most photographed woman taking down t McDonald's and dressing them in blue bell caps, will they spend their royal matinees shooting in Scotland?

Someone has noticed that getting hooked up with the monarchy these days is like marrying into the Adder family. At the "tale-tale marriage," it 1614, terminated up with legal but secret shooting. "Don't tell the Duke according to the Queen's Men" goes the old Queen's Guard. Charles will be past 70 and poor Prince William will be in his 40s.

It is horrific. It has resulted in Moody's Pfeifer coming to life. It is bizarre that Muhammad Al Faray (who added the "Al" to his name to appear a Saudi prince and has been denied British citizenship for lying even about his birth certificate) receives a large picture display in Her Majesty's window of Diana and her dead playboy son who could not control a drunk driver—and thus needs food vans to feed the frenzied mourners standing 11 hours in the drizzle to sign a book for the princess at St. James's Palace.

And the Royal National Institute for Deaf People, saying it is "admitted" it has downed a reporter by journalists to provide press conferences to reveal to the world the Royal Family's private conversations during the Westminster Abbey funeral.

Tony Blair, who popularized "the people's princess" description, has emerged as a more powerful influence than the bewildered royalists who once claimed she was "thick as a plank" (as revealed, even more in death than in life, the desecrated, bloodless body she left behind).



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